Antitrust Slowdown? *Alexander M. Bickel*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 20, 1967, 35 cents

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In the May/June issue now out

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●

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Nth Candidates

★ Suppose on Election Day, 1968, the Electoral College vote comes out like this: Lyndon Johnson, 250; Richard Nixon, 249; George Wallace, 39. Who is President? "Why, Johnson," you say, "of course"; and you are wrong.

Nobody knows who is President; the Founding Fathers who gave us the Constitution (whose inspiration George Romney thinks is divine, like the Bible) invented the quaint device of the Electoral College to stand between you and me and the seat of power. And they also provided in Article II, Section 1 (and I include the ancient capitalization): "The Person having the greatest Number of Votes shall be the President, if such Number be a Majority of the whole Number of Electors appointed."

The controlling phrase is, *if the number be a majority*. The total Electoral College next year will be 538 members, and with the 250 votes we have hypothetically indicated for Mr. Johnson he will not have a majority. The matter, in fact, will be thrown into the House of Representatives which "shall immediately chuse by Ballot"; but, and note this, "in chusing the President, the Votes shall be taken by States, the Representation from each State having one Vote. . . ."

Well, is not this a pretty mess! We are morally certain that George Wallace is going to run in 1968, and we suspect he is going to grab perhaps half a dozen Southern states that might otherwise vote out their civil rights, anti-Johnson spleen for the GOP candidate. We also strongly suspect there will be a fourth candidate, too, a Peace candidate, just to make things more complicated. There were four candidates in 1948, you remember: Truman, Dewey, Henry Wallace and Strom Thurmond. But in 1948 Truman got 304 of the 531 presidential electors; Dewey 189, and Thurmond 38. That was a clear majority and the Thurmond trick didn't work.

Once in the House of Representatives, please note, the states vote as states, one vote each. If there ever was malapportionment, this is it! The representatives of the voters of Alaska, Nevada and Wyoming would equal those of California, New York and Pennsylvania. It would be an ideal time to blackmail the big Northern states into nonenforcement of civil rights laws.

This week a Senate subcommittee starts hearings on a proposed constitutional amendment to wipe out the Electoral College and provide for direct election of Presidents. We will come to that in a minute. But first we want to point out that the melodrama we have suggested for next year, if nobody gets an actual majority in the Electoral College and the race goes to the House of Representatives, isn't so preposterous as it sounds. It can happen. As you doubtless know, it has happened. In 1876, with four states in doubt, Samuel Tilden with a popular majority of 250,000, lacked one electoral vote of the 185 needed. The Congressional Commission awarded every disputed delegate to Rutherford B. Hayes and he became President. It seems pretty certain that behind the scenes a deal was struck, the Republican got the presidency on condition that he wouldn't enforce the Negro rights laws of those days. The GOP sold out Civil War victory for the White House.

100 Years of Pro and Con

★ It won't be possible to amend the Constitution to abolish the Electoral College in time for the 1968 election, so we shall just have to take our chances. The question is whether we want to throw out the College anyway. Offhand, the case seems irrefutable. So you think you vote for a President? – Well, you don't; you vote for a faceless member of a group that was archaic the minute they invented political parties; a group that was supposed to come together and pick a George Washington as President to run the federal government.

The issue has been argued pro and con for 100 years and is going to be revived again all over the country. In this magazine, January 28, Alexander Bickel gave the case for the College; on February 11, Neal R. Peirce gave the case for abolition.

The big, rarely understood point is that the Electoral College system, with the winner-take-all feature, tends to decide elections in the large, populous states. It gives strongly organized minorities, like the Negroes in Manhattan, considerable power. It makes any modern President particularly sensitive to city and to minority interests. It is about the only counterweight in the American political system to the heavy bias in favor of rural areas and conservatism: to the US Senate itself with its bizarre malapportionment, to congressional districts that are gerrymandered or haven't yet been fairly apportioned, to the internal conservative organization of Congress with its chairmanships-by-seniority and its filibuster.

Kennedy Got Nowhere

★ It is true that the Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote decision has improved matters a little, but Senator Dirksen is still fighting that. We could postpone Electoral College changes until Dirksen is finally defeated. In 1956 Senator John F. Kennedy disclosed the clash of urban-rural power groups in a previous attempt to kill the College, and the plan got nowhere. We are going to listen to the arguments this week before Senator Bayh's committee. We are willing to be persuaded. But we know beforehand that the matter is more subtle and complicated than the advocates of direct presidential voting are prepared to admit.

As for Vietnam, we think the fever has risen a degree and that the Administration is reaching the top rungs of its escalation ladder. Then what? We fear draft-civil rights riots this summer; counteractivity by HUAC; more troops and taxes, perhaps, and a kind of slow mutiny. Or the angry Get-it-over-with-quick Boys may bring the final crunch.

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Republican Mischief

It has been two years since impoverished schools across the nation began getting much more and badly needed federal money. Now that aid, provided by the 1965 Elementary and Secondary School Act, is in jeopardy. A bill of Congressman John Brademas proposes extending it for another two years, but the Republicans, with the help of Southern Democrats, hope to amend it or to replace it. President Johnson's first act on his return from West Germany at the end of April was to denounce this maneuver. A 20-year battle had been fought and won in Congress to get the federal school-aid program passed, he said, and now "so-called friends of education want to go back to where we started," and have stirred up old feuds. The attack on Representative Brademas' bill has little if any support among education-minded Republicans down at the school district level; they like what they have been getting, even when they criticize some unnecessary red tape. But their party leaders in Congress apparently figure that if they can scalp the Administration's school legislation, they can then go on to knock down poverty programs that are politically more vulnerable, and thus have something to talk about in the 1968 presidential campaign. If their tactics succeed, the immediate victims will be, not the Administration, but some 16 million children of the poor, of all races and religions.

In its first year of operation, the Elementary and Secondary School Act put more than a billion dollars into school districts with crowded classrooms and inadequate staffs; for the fiscal year that will start July 1, the Administration authorized expenditures of $2.4 billion (but appropriated only half that). The 1965 legislation bypasses, for some purposes, the state governments; some federal funds go directly to poor school districts; and in those districts parochial schools attended by poor children are eligible for the same kind of supplementary assistance – remedial reading, books, medical care, food – as public schools. The amount of help a school district gets from Washington depends on the number of children in the school district whose families have incomes under $3,000 a year; the money is distributed at the school district level, and the district's public and parochial school administrators cooperate in this task. Thus the school-aid legislation at long last got around what the President in his Maryland speech called the "road blocks" that stood in the way of federal aid to education – fights between church and states, and between poor and wealthy states. Now Republicans propose replacing this form of aid

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with education grants that would be spent not by school districts, but by state governments, 35 of which have laws that forbid their giving public money to private or church schools, and some of which, like Alabama, are still fighting any desegregation.

The plan of Congressman Albert Quie (R, Minn.) would likewise severely cut the amount of money that is now available to Northern states with heavy concentrations of poor people in cities, and to Southern states with impoverished rural districts. Under Quie's formula, cities would have no assurance of receiving a fair share of grants that would be administered by state governments. The National Teacher Corps, and help for migrant workers' children, foster children and American Indian children might all be dropped or diluted; House Republicans have already announced they intend to try to kill the Teacher Corps.

Opponents of Representative Quie's counterproposal include the NAACP, AFL-CIO, the PTA, and the National Education Association. Catholics are against it. There has been so much opposition, in fact, that Quie has had to make frequent changes in his bill to try to meet his critics' objections: for instance, by setting up a "special fund" for parochial schools, and by writing in an assurance that no state will get less money than it now receives – which will not save states from receiving smaller shares of future appropriations. He denies his plan would help Southern racists, saying the desegregation guidelines under Title VI of the civil rights legislation would still apply. But Southern segregationists still seem to feel that state control of federal education funds might make it easier to evade desegregation laws, and the Quie bill is also attractive to congressmen who want the states to share in the spending of federal revenues. Last week House Democratic leaders postponed floor debate on the Brademas bill extending the life of the 1965 legislation, in order to gain time to persuade liberal Republicans that the Quie substitute is a dangerously divisive measure. In what could be construed as appeasement of Southern Democrats to deter them from backing the Quie bill, the United States Commissioner of Education, Howard Howe II, was deprived last week of his civil rights enforcement powers, whereby he has been able hitherto to set desegregation guidelines and cut off funds to schools found not in compliance. These powers are now to be centered in the office of HEW Secretary, John W. Gardner. The move is in compliance with a year-old congressional demand, renewed last week by Rep. Daniel J. Flood (D, Pa.), *after* Southerners appeared before his appropriations subcommittee to demand that no money be given to education unless the desegregation guidelines were curtailed. It is not just the school-aid legislation that is at stake; Democratic national leaders seem to have decided that they need to reclaim parts of the South in order to bolster President Johnson's reelection prospects.

The 1965 legislation requires neither replacement nor substantial amendment; what it urgently calls for is more vigorous enforcement. A great many children haven't been reached by it yet. In some school districts, conditions are so bad that most of the help has thus far had to take the form simply of feeding hungry kids and treating their intestinal worms, leaving very little money for improving their minds. The Budget in January appropriated only $1.2 billion for aid to school districts. The aim of the legislation is to meet the needs of all the children of the poor, including those not in public schools. Yet it was admitted in the Budget that in the coming fiscal year, only about half the children it is intended to help will benefit. And 8.5 million children are a lot; but the whole 16 million have to be reached while still in school, or they will remain largely illiterate therefore economically useless all the rest of their lives, which probably means 70 years. In March, the chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee, Carl D. Perkins (D, Ky.) told the Commissioner of Education that Administration plans to hold down spending would "set back education in this country by 10 or 15 years." Rep. Hugh L. Carey (D, N.Y.) complained that "the Administration is talking like Midas, but is funding like Oliver Twist." These criticisms are valid. The Quie proposals would set back education still further and be more "like Oliver Twist."

Pension Plans

Proposals to increase Social Security benefits will spark lively debate on Capitol Hill this summer. The President has one, and Senator Robert Kennedy has another. That battle should not be allowed to obscure a related issue that has been hanging fire for months. Last fall, the Internal Revenue Service suggested revising the tax rules so as to make private corporate pension plans less discriminatory against lower-paid employees. In brief, it suggested that if corporations want to put tax-exempt money into fancy pensions for their well-paid top executives, they should be required to put more into pensions for the lower-paid employees. The reaction in business circles was little short of hysterical. *The Wall Street Journal* reported that the IRS received over 2,000 comments from incensed executives. Treasury Secretary Fowler was moved to reassure business leaders that the government really had "no proposal" and was merely seeking ideas on a tax-rule change. An outside group of experts that was then asked to review the subject has yet to be heard from.

The tax law now states that pension plans qualifying for tax-deductible status may not discriminate in favor

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of higher-paid employees. Nevertheless, in practice, corporations have been permitted to purchase a tax-deductible pension that pays $16,950 a year to a $50,-000-a-year executive to augment his Social Security benefits, at the same time leaving employees whose wages fall within the Social Security wage base (formerly $4,800, now $6,600) dependent on Social Security alone for their retirement income. Unsupplemented Social Security benefits produce income well below the poverty line (the average monthly check for a single retired person is about $84). The law has, in effect, encouraged corporations to devote most of their paternalistic concern to the declining years of those employees most able to provide for themselves.

The revision the IRS suggested would reduce by one-third the amount of pension benefits for higher salaried employees by corporations who do little or nothing for their low-wage earners beyond paying mandatory payroll taxes. It would thus force companies that have provided maximum pensions to their executives either to improve retirement benefits for their poorest employees or reduce them for their wealthiest. In fact, relatively few companies have treated their executives as generously as the present rule permits; in most cases, the real impact of the proposed change would be merely to insure that future manifestations of corporate solicitude for retiring employees will have a more equitable cast.

Why the *WJT* Folded

The death of *The World Journal Tribune* in New York on May 5 may be worth a morbid footnote in some future social history of American thought if for no other reason than that it leaves the country's largest and most sophisticated city with one afternoon newspaper, and that, the *Post*, a special publication of 400,-000 circulation in a city of 2.7 million households.

Newspaper publishers are making unprecedented profits but they aren't putting them back into the newspapers that made them. Instead, an uncommon number of them are on the prowl to buy other papers where the dollar return on investment will be higher than mere local quality. Yet some of the most enterprising prowlers, like Newhouse and Cowles, publicly declined to enter New York City.

The reasons are plain. For one thing, the city has tough newspaper unions whose leaders have not covered themselves with statesmanlike glory. They have been anarchic, competing with themselves as well as with management. On their side, management has handled negotiations with shortsightedness and arrogance that would shock more sophisticated industries.

Radio and TV have preempted consumer attention and advertising dollars. But newspapers cry too much. Since 1945 advertising spending multiplied four times, that for newspapers slightly more than four times. Last year's $900 million additional advertising went about half to magazines, radio and television; the other half went entirely to newspapers.

"The afternoon problem" plagues every big-city paper. After World War II cities spread all over the landscape. The best consumers and readers moved to the suburbs. The retail stores, backbone of local advertising, followed them. Most papers didn't. When the metropolitans woke up, the new suburban papers were lusty successes and hard to dislodge. This is when newspapers faced their incredibly backward technology. Suburban editions of big-city papers customarily have 10 a.m. deadlines for news. That paper doesn't land on the front porch until seven hours later, by which time the worker has heard the top news on his car radio, his wife on noon television. Circulation trucks for morning papers cruise the empty 2 a.m. streets but those for the afternoons hit shopping and rush-hour traffic.

New York has all these problems in abundance. But it also has readers and consumers in abundance. If the *WJT* had been a monopoly, as are papers in 96.5 percent of American newspaper cities, it would have survived and made money. If it had been in the 2.5 percent of such cities with two managements, with morning and evening neatly divided between them, it would have profited. But to survive the generic problems of the trade, plus the competition even of the *Post* and the other kinds of publications in New York, it would have had to be good.

It was a three-headed residue of two proved failures, the Hearst *Journal-American* and the Scripps-Howard *World-Telegram*, and John Hay Whitney who had given up on his *Herald-Tribune*.

The morning *Trib* died last August, not good enough to compete with the *Times* and not bad enough to compete with the *Daily News*. Whitney should have taken the *Trib* at once into the afternoon field. He had the makings of a successful publisher: he was rich, he had a talented staff with a strong tradition, his staff was notable for its lively writing, which is peculiarly useful for an afternoon paper whose words must survive the seven television hours, and Whitney personally was devoted to his newspaper. But he was trapped in the morning. Some of his friends say that the strikes broke Whitney's hope for success and he entered the Hearst-Scripps partnership already decided to bow out of the business.

The *WJT* inherited the *Trib* talent, plus some who managed to survive on the old afternoons, sacked some of them and put the rest under leaders who stopped looking out the window the day the Lindbergh

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baby was kidnapped. It didn't work; loses were high; final judgment was made by the customers. At the time the *WJT* folded, it and the *Post* were selling 133 papers per 1,000 population in New York City proper. Total afternoon sales in the next nine largest cities in the country are all higher, the lowest being Chicago with 250 (with the quality paper, the *Daily News*, selling more per 1,000 than its competitor and as many as the *WJT* and *Post* combined). If one includes in each case wider metropolitan sales, New York's afternoon papers still sold the lowest per thousand population. The highest afternoon sales are in the District of Columbia (where the quality paper, the *Star*, sells more than its competitor and three times as many per 1,000 as the *WJT* and *Post* combined.)

The Greek Traitors

Having instructed their own young people to stay clear of politics, obey their elders, shave and cut their hair and throw away the miniskirts, the ruling colonels who betrayed Greek democracy have gone on to bar Beatnik tourists. The border will be closed to the bearded or travelers "in rags or slovenly dress." Thus will Greek purity be protected by soldiers who see nothing improper in ripping up the constitution of their country and jailing their opponents. These puritanical pretensions sit oddly on a Mediterranean country whose principal industry is tourism. And therein, perhaps, lies some hope. The decision by enough travelers to cut Greece out of their itinerary this summer might stimulate mellowing second thoughts in Athens.

The US role in the Greek coup, discussed by Bernard Nossiter in this issue, has not yet been fully delineated. It is known that two of the five traitorous colonels now in power received military training in the US. It is also known that the Greek people have been shut up (thousands of them, literally) by a US-equipped army. Twenty years ago, President Truman intervened in Greece "to support free peoples." Since then, our government has supplied the Greek armed forces with $1,854,300,000 of military aid. How much the Pentagon is sending this year or plans to send next year is not for the American public to know.

It is not the responsibility of Washington to decide how Greeks are to be governed, whatever our preferences might be. If we had been more reluctant about becoming embroiled in the affairs of others, we would not be so painfully trapped today in Vietnam. And it follows from this that the US is not obliged – quite the contrary – to help the assassins of freedom in Greece. There's no justification for continuing to supply arms to a dictatorship that uses them to suppress its own people. Military aid to Greece should be cut off, now.

Guerrilla War on the Campus

James M. Nabrit, president of Howard University, the federally subsidized predominantly Negro school in Washington, D. C., has announced that his university will henceforth exercise a veto over the time and place of demonstrations. He has taken the unusual step of banning outright all unofficial press conferences on campus. Nabrit feels Howard's image was damaged when students booed General Lewis Hershey off the stage when he came to speak. Later, when the university sought to discipline four students for heckling (they yelled "America is the black man's battleground") by bringing them before a disciplinary committee, other students barged into the committee meeting and turned it into a melee. They then beat up a white reporter. Last week, over half the students boycotted classes to protest Nabrit's decrees.

Meanwhile, the University of Texas, too, is doing what it can to squelch students who speak out against establishment-sanctioned opinion. Two days before Vice President Humphrey was scheduled to address the state legislature in Austin, Harry Ransom, the university chancellor, banned an antiwar rally on the campus. Ransom said the university didn't have the men to handle the rally which had been called by the 50-member Students for a Democratic Society. But SDS went ahead anyway, and 300 people turned out. The six students who addressed the meeting (five of them from SDS and the other from the campus Young Democrats) were put on probation. SDS was banned.

During Humphrey's speech, there were pickets at the state capitol, among them George Vizard, 23, a former university student. The day after Humphrey's visit, Vizard was drinking coffee in the university cafeteria when he was arrested by the Austin police for "abusive language." They claimed they had spotted Vizard at the capitol, heard him yell abusively at them, but had been prevented by the mass of students from arresting him at the time. Now they had come to get him. On hearing this news, Vizard went limp, and the police dragged him on his back across the campus to the paddy wagon. Two other former students, David Ledbetter and James Lyons, called the cops "fascists," and for this were arrested and held in $1,000 bail each. The state lost no time in protecting itself from these interlopers. On behalf of the university regents the attorney general went to court to seek a permanent injunction that would keep the three off university grounds. The complaint said they all were members of SDS, a banned organization, and added, "Plaintiff alleges that on several occasions defendants have actively opposed rules and regulations of the University of Texas, as well as vocally and openly opposing the ac-

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tions of the United States of America in its foreign affairs, thus engaging in activities adverse to the best interests of the University. . . ."

At the University of Chicago, the SDS chapter has gone after the university for its admissions procedures. Charles O'Connell, admissions director, was quoted as having written of one applicant, "Obviously the applicant is not interested in education, only in politics. We have enough kids here who cause trouble. Better let him go to Reed or Berkeley." SDS claims the university discriminates against students because of their political beliefs. The university's reply was to upbraid a professor on the admissions board for telling what he saw in the admissions file. He was relieved as head of the undergraduate history department.

Both the state legislature and board of trustees of the University of South Carolina have rebuked a chemistry professor who called General William Westmoreland a "doctor of war" at an honorary degree ceremony. The trustees said the activities of the professor, Thomas T. Tidwell, were "deplorable and embarrassing." There were demands in the state Senate for his ouster. The chairman of the Senate Finance Committee declared, "I am going to tell Dr. Tom Jones [university president] that if he doesn't warn him [Tidwell] off, I am going to cut his water off in the Finance Committee."

Not long after this incident, Kenneth Wahl, a 26-year-old law professor at the university went over to Due West, South Carolina, to picket against Dean Rusk, who was making a speech there. Wahl was turned away by the police chief, who said demonstrations were forbidden. The incident got into the local press, whereupon a Republican state representative, George Gault, persuaded the lower chamber of the legislature to unanimously pass a resolution commending the police chief. Gault did not want to jeopardize Wahl's constitutional rights: "What I object to is the manner in which disagreement is registered. In 90 percent of the instances, they are uncalled for."

Civil Disobedience

While some young men are engaging in civil disobedience to show their contempt for our Vietnam policy, other men – who make the laws they disobey – are themselves expressing contempt for law. And when it comes to burning a draft card or burning the constitution, who comes off best? Representative F. Edward Hébert (D, La.), the city editor of the *New Orleans States* before he was sent to the Congress a quarter of a century ago, has said he would jail those who speak out against the draft and counsel would-be evaders. His advice to those who say such reprisals are unconstitutional is: "Let's forget about the First Amendment."

Labor on the Farm

One way to make life a little better for nearly two million farm laborers in this country would be for Congress to bring them under the provisions of the National Labor Relations Act. They would then have the right to form unions with which employers must bargain. Because no such right is legally enforceable, Cesar Chavez and his United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (AFL-CIO) have had a long, bitter struggle to organize workers in California and Texas. Although the United Farm Workers now represent at least 16,000 workers in California, contracts cover only 2,500. The growers fight the union tooth and nail, and Chavez has waged a strike against them for 21 months. The growers retaliate with wholesale firings, importation of cheap Mexican labor, and they have gone so far as to get in the Teamsters on a sweetheart arrangement to organize against Chavez. Offices are bombed, set afire, and organizers are harassed by the police.

Bills to include farm workers under the National Labor Relations Act are pending in both House and Senate, and a House subcommittee headed by Frank Thompson (D, N.J.) is holding hearings.

Rhodes at the Crossroads

Poor, Wealthy Ohio Rebukes Its Governor

Columbus, Ohio

Ohio voters, in a special election on May 2, handed Governor James A. Rhodes, whose presidential aspirations were recently boosted by conservative columnist John Chamberlain, a resounding defeat on a proposal to establish an Ohio Bond Commission. The Republican governor staked his prestige on passage of the measure, which, despite a lavishly financed campaign, lost by better than 2-to-1. Rhodes will now have to face up honestly to financing Ohio's shabby welfare and educational programs.

One of the wealthiest states in the union, Ohio ranks 49th in per capita expenditures on education. Its welfare programs are pitifully inadequate. Two recent studies of mental health operations, for instance, condemned the state for having retrogressed in quantity and quality in the last five years, despite supposed increased expenditures and the governor's repeated promises that he would do more. At present, the legislature is reluctantly considering increasing the daily

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child allotment of 73 cents, far below the state Welfare Department's own estimate that $1.24 is the absolute minimum for subsistence. Many school districts are employing untrained and unlicensed people as teachers on an emergency basis, since the state appropriations cannot keep Ohio salaries competitive with those of nearby states.

In his campaign for reelection last fall, Rhodes promised he would solve all such problems *without raising existing taxes or adding new ones.* By luring business into Ohio, new jobs would be created, the state's economy would grow, and returns on present tax rates would mushroom. Shortly after his election, he began to hedge, hinting that the tax system, one of the most oppressingly regressive in the nation, might need reform. There is no state income tax; corporate and business taxes are low. Most of the state's revenue comes from a three percent sales tax, and from sale of liquor in state-owned package stores, all of which bears heaviest on the lower classes. While the obvious reform would be to shift part of the burden on to undertaxed businesses, it was a safe bet that a Republican administration, headed by a governor devoted to corporate interests, would not contemplate it.

In his State of the State message last January, Rhodes sprang his surprise proposal for fiscal reform, an Ohio Bond Commission. The concept seemed sensible. Instead of haphazardly funding capital programs, the new agency could coordinate all bond issues and make long-range plans and commitments. Since under the present constitution, all bond issues must be approved by the voters, the OBC would eliminate the risk that a needed program would be defeated by a populace which frequently votes down local school operating budgets. A limit of six percent of the General Revenue Fund was imposed as a limit to the amount of bonds OBC could issue in any one year as a safeguard against profligate spending.

On closer examination, though, the OBC was not quite so sensible. The five commission members would be appointed by the governor for nine-year terms, which meant that present appointees would be able to determine state financial policy long after the current administration leaves office. Should the voters elect a state government opposed to the plans of the OBC, nothing could be done about it. Neither the legislature, the courts, the people, nor even the governor could veto OBC programs. While proponents promised construction of schools, hospitals, golden age villages, training centers, and many other vitally needed facilities, no guarantees were included that OBC would construct such buildings. Moreover, even if they were constructed, there was no promise that the legislature would appropriate necessary operating revenues. (At present, two state hospitals in Akron are running at less than half capacity because the legislature has not provided enough money to hire additional staff.) The six percent ceiling which ostensibly limited the OBC's borrowing turned out to apply only to those bonds payable out of the General Fund, and not to two other types of notes which could be issued without limit.

What alienated many Ohioans was not the issue itself, but the blatant propaganda campaign mounted for it. (It is doubtful if any but a handful of lawyers understood the proposal. As it appeared on the ballot, it ran to over 60 inches of small-type legalese, grammatically assaulting the English language.) Governor Rhodes toured the state touting his proposal; state agencies and liquor stores were used to publicize the measure. Ohio State University president Novice G. Fawcett sent out an appeal to alumni and faculty to rally behind OBC for the sake of the school. Unless OBC were approved, Fawcett implied, State (which stands just below God and Mother in Ohio) would not be able to expand, and would probably be deprived of *operating* revenue.

A well-financed "citizens group" spent tens of thousands of dollars for radio, newspaper, and television advertisements promising the great things that OBC would do – improve Ohio education, build vocational training schools, aid the handicapped, benefit farmers – and condemning all who opposed it as reactionary "obstructionists." In an appeal to elderly voters, Rhodes had included in the OBC a provision by which the agency would allow retired property owners to defer local realty taxes until after death, while OBC paid the current assessments.

It was too much. Too many advertisements, too much money, all indicated who the real beneficiaries of OBC would be – not the people, but the financial interests who would buy up the bonds yielding millions of dollars of tax-free income. Opposition, which was late starting, charged that the "citizens group" was a cover for the bankers and brokers who would rake in large commissions from sale of OBC bonds.

What will Rhodes do next? The promises he has held out – especially to the elderly – will have to be kept if Republicans wish to avoid political reprisal at the polls. The simple answer is to finance such programs as they should be, through general revenue raised by fairly apportioned taxes. Yet Rhodes and most members of the legislature promised no tax increase. One successful candidate had vowed to vote against *any* tax increase, even in the "unlikely" event that such taxes should be necessary! Not to provide needed programs, however, could undermine Ohio's currently prosperous economy. Already it is suffering a drain of professional talent and skilled labor to states which provide better health, educational and welfare programs.

MELVIN I. UROFSKY

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COLONEL PAPADOPOULOS MAY BECOME OUR NEW MARSHAL KY

Saving Greece from the Greeks

Athens

Almost by reflex, Washington is moving toward an embrace of the new military dictators who have seized power in Greece. The morality of this sort of thing has long since ceased to disturb the so-called pragmatists in government and will not be called in question here. But pragmatists are supposed to weigh the consequences of their actions and it is these to which attention should be drawn.

There is nothing novel about American blundering in Greece. Our policy there has been arbitrary and anachronistic all during the three years I have been reporting from that country. It must be recalled that in 1963, the Greeks finally elected a regime with a clear majority, the moderate Center Union government of old George Papandreou. Almost at once, the American embassy in Athens launched a relentless campaign to undermine Papandreou. The new government wanted to heal civil war wounds. To that end, it began reintroducing civil liberties and readmitting from exile some of the guerrillas who had fought with the communists during Greece's civil war.

In the eyes of most – not all – the local American diplomats, both moves were "irresponsible." The chief embassy target was Papandreou's son, Andreas. Charming and arrogant, brilliant but doctrinaire, Andreas is an American-educated economist of enough distinction to have led the superb department at Berkeley. But it wasn't his economics that troubled Washington. Andreas, even more than his father, was in the mainstream of contemporary European thinking. He wanted to take Greece out of the cold war. As a minister in his father's cabinet and a likely heir to the Center Union leadership, he committed three terrible sins. He suggested that Greece might well leave NATO, thereby making easier settlement of the remaining differences with neighboring Bulgaria. He argued that the swollen American military and intelligence forces in Greece compromised the nation's freedom of action. He saw with considerable prescience that the Royal army was the greatest threat to Greek democracy and proposed retiring its most dictatorial-minded senior officers.

Inevitably, this led the Papandreous to clash with King Constantine and the American diplomats. Both believed – wrongly in the event – that the 225,000-man army was their creature entirely. And so the king, with American encouragement, forced Papandreou from office in July 1965. Had new elections then been held, as they should have under a parliamentary system, it was clear that Papandreou would have been swept back into office, probably with a strengthened majority. Then both the king, the army and the United States would have found themselves in a far weaker position. So all these forces, with the aid of Greek politicians of nearly every political coloration, connived to postpone a vote. For nearly two years, Greece was "governed" by an artificial coalition of breakaway Papandreou deputies and the right-wing ERE party, the losers of 1963. This unnatural alliance was paralyzed. Its legislative sessions degenerated into fist-fights and desk-banging that helped discredit politicians and the parliamentary process.

But the evil day couldn't be postponed forever. The constitution (now discarded) required that an election be held by 1968 at the latest. At last this spring, Pap-

"And leave the driving to us!"

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andreou permitted the minority ERE party to form a government of its own for the sole purpose of holding elections. These were to have taken place on May 28; the campaign was to begin on April 23.

Against this background, the senior army generals, the king and a few right-wing politicians prepared the "Prometheus" plan. This was the blueprint for the military coup that took place in the small hours of April 21. It is known that the United States had advance knowledge of Prometheus. How much Washington contributed to the plan itself is not certain although Cyrus Sulzberger of *The New York Times*, whose NATO credentials are impeccable, says it was drawn up under that organization's aegis. It is also not clear when Prometheus was to be launched. According to sources close to the new junta, it was to be unleashed only in the event of a communist coup or in case of disorders touched off by a Center Union electoral victory. Since the American Ambassador, Phillips Talbot, regarded a Center Union triumph as unsatisfactory, it is not unlikely that disorders *would* have been created after a Papandreou victory to justify Prometheus' use.

In any event, the wrong ranks pushed the button and a few weeks too soon. Some ambitious, fanatical colonels set Prometheus in motion, exploiting the ground prepared by their seniors. This caused some momentary embarrassment to the king and Talbot. But after all, by taking charge the colonels had prevented the risk of any democratic election, had removed the Papandreous from political life and had imprisoned more visible leftists as well – about 8,000 of them. The American-supplied tanks, trucks, jeeps and machine guns were now boss. Military checkpoints covered all roads to Athens, political youth organizations were dissolved, foreign newspapers banned, the Greek press muzzled, local mayors dismissed. The deed was done. So Talbot persuaded the king to put the best face on things and both the monarchy and the United States began accommodating to the new order. The British, it is known, urged the king to hold off in the belief that the coup could be reversed if it lacked Western support. But Talbot argued that the colonels were not all that devoted to the throne. If Constantine didn't come around, he contended, army unit might fight army unit and, even worse, the king might lose his crown. Should Talbot's advice continue to carry the day in Washington, massive American military aid to Greece will continue to flow unchecked as it did during the coup's early days.

On the surface, this is the stuff of realism. In fact, it is a gambler's policy that rests on two shaky assumptions. One is that the combined blandishments of the king and the United States will persuade the colonels to withdraw behind a parliamentary façade in which "safe" politicians will be allowed to reemerge. The other is that Greeks won't fight to reclaim their freedom. Both propositions are dubious. The colonels have their own populist, egalitarian and moralistic style – reminiscent of the early Peron or Nasser. They see themselves as the regenerators of a decadent Greece. They may prove very stubborn about yielding even the shadow of power to any politicians, all of whom they have ceaselessly reviled. Even if they consent, there is little in modern Greek history to support the notion that the Hellenes won't fight. In the last century and a half, the Greeks have fought Turkish and Nazi oppressors as well as each other.

One of the great ironies of the whole affair is the new lease on life it gives Greece's repudiated and relatively unimportant communists. If a resistance breaks out, in the northern mountains or on the islands, it will almost surely have some communist leaders. They alone have an underground organization. They also number plenty of experienced guerrillas in their ranks. And across the borders in communist Yugoslavia and Bulgaria are, by the American count, 90,000 exiled Greeks, some of whom must be eager to fight their way home.

If resistance breaks out, what will Washington do? Is Colonel Papadopoulos our new Marshal Ky? Is the American "commitment" already so strong that inevitably Washington will feel compelled to augment it? It doesn't take much imagination to envision a chain of events like this: a new civil war begins; the regime claims it is communist inspired; the United States responds with ever increasing support to prop up the military dictatorship. Could Greece's communist neighbors stay aloof a second time as they were ordered to do by Stalin after World War II? Or will Greece turn into a nightmare in which the now dormant Soviet-American rivalry in Europe erupts with a new and hotter intensity?

BERNARD D. NOSSITER

MR. NOSSITER, *who reported the coup for* The Washington Post, *also covered the 1965 Greek political crisis.*

COMING: *James Tobin on the conquering of poverty in the US by 1976*

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The Minds of High School Seniors

by Fredelle B. Maynard

As a part of the College Board's English Achievement Test, some 130,000 high school seniors were asked in January to compose a 20-minute essay on the open mind. "The trouble with open-mindedness," the topic suggested, "is that your brains may fall out." How did candidates react to this provocative statement? Are they, do they wish to be, open-minded themselves? Of course, the range of responses on a national exam is tremendous; there are the radicals and the conservatives, the adventurous and the timid. Still, patterns are discernible, and from thousands of essays there emerges a portrait of the 17-year-old in 1967.

What are they like, these college-bound young Americans? Popular magazines play up the rebelliousness of teen-agers, their daring and bravado. Newspapers headline their wild parties, their protest strikes, their extravagant dress and behavior. But one's first impression, reading College Board themes, is that the writers are a surprisingly conservative lot. Maybe next fall they will attend pot parties or carry picket signs, but right now they march straight down the middle of the road. In public and private life, caution is their watchword. Though few have heard of Aristotle, they extol nothing-too-muchness as the rule of life. Not yet casual about sex, they are alarmed by the raising of skirts and the lowering of moral standards. Boys are obsessed with the topless bathing suit ("Think of the burden this puts on people with a sex problem") and even of suggestive dances. ("The way some girls move on the dance floor, it's hard for a fellow to control himself.") Girls, not surprisingly, see open-mindedness as the first step toward free love and unwed motherhood. Drugs are universally viewed with alarm. "If you once open your mind," writes one earnest youngster, "all sorts of bad ideas can drop in and you might end up a narcotics attic."

Politically, the respondents show a marked reaction against the liberal position, a conservatism based less on reasoning than on nebulous fears. John F. Kennedy is seldom mentioned (a notable falling off here from 1965 and 1964, when test-takers constantly invoked his name); Johnson stirs only lukewarm interest, though candidates feel he is doing The Right Thing; Eisenhower appears no longer as the model conservative but, often, as an ineffective muddler. About Vietnam, the writers are deeply troubled and not terribly well informed. Still, they support Administration policy and deplore the excesses of university student protests.

Communism is the great bugaboo. If we pull out of Asia, the communists will take over; whenever we relax our vigilance in any area – dress, morality, politics, religious faith – the communists are waiting.

Seldom is there any indication of historical or philosophical understanding; references to communism take the form of easy journalistic clichés (the Red Menace, the Iron Curtain). Few students mention fascism, though individual papers are sometimes fascistic in tone. Only in the area of civil rights is there a generous endorsement of open-mindedness. (Three years ago, the College Board theme topic, "Opposition is indispensable," provoked a great many anti-Negro essays in the Deep South; this year, readers noted an absence of "hate" papers and – and even in die-hard segregation areas – a prevailing mood of acceptance.)

The overwhelming effect of these essays is wariness. They don't want to be caught off base, these young people, to make commitments that might rock the boat. Above all, they don't want to be thought gullible (variously spelled as *gullable, gulibal* and *gallable).* "Being open-minded can make you a puppet" – or a tool, or a robot, or a pawn. The images vary, the idea is constant: make up your mind and close it fast, before other, perhaps smarter people take advantage of your flexibility. Bombarded by the conflicting enticements of advertisers, TV, newspapers and magazines, the 17-year-old protects himself against con men in the only way he can, by tuning them out. In a curious piece of illogic, he equates open-mindedness with conformity, and narrow-mindedness with individualism. "My opions may not be the best in the world," writes one closed-minded candidate, "but at least they are my own."

Next to caution, the most striking quality of the candidates is their ignorance. One accepts the fact that so many cannot spell, that they see no difference between *accept* and *except, perspective* and *prospective, imply* and *infer.* What is truly shocking is the discovery that they read so little, and understand so little of what they read. Asked to support their statements by reference to works of literature, seniors dig desperately into the same small bag of classics, the standard re-

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quired reading of the twelfth-grade curriculum. Open-mindedness. . . ah, yes. Well, open-mindedness is bad because Hamlet was open-minded, and everybody knows what happened to *him*. Macbeth was open-minded, taking advice from a wicked wife. Oedipus was open-minded. (He didn't know when he was lucky. If he'd just stopped asking *questions*.) And if he hadn't tried, open-mindedly, to find out who his parents were, he might have died peacefully in bed. Even granted that such observations are made under the special pressure of an exam question, the willingness of students to see all literature as commentary on open-mindedness is alarming.

The approach to history is equally superficial. Of history other than American, the writers seem to know almost nothing. Even American figures are presented with a kind of comic-book simplicity. As for a sense of chronology, a fairly standard 17-year-old view goes something like this:

First there were the dark ages when nothing happened (Bad). Then there was a Renaissance and progress (Good) which turned into Victorian prudery (Bad) and somehow led to World War II and Hitler (Very Bad). If only Einstein hadn't sold his formula to the enemy, we mightn't be where we are today. The problem now is Russia.

In the area of strictly current events, candidates are much better informed. They are intensely aware of civil disturbance, political scandals (Bobby Baker, Adam Clayton Powell), space exploration, the recent Supreme Court decisions protecting the rights of the accused. But such matters seem to exist in student minds only as a kind of high-level gossip. There is little interest in basic issues, and one is obliged to conclude that Problems of Democracy courses, like high school courses in literature, in many cases fail their prime objective – to promote understanding.

Some candidates interpret the topic literally and are driven to extraordinary lengths to show how, through open-mindedness, the brains may actually fall out. This effort produces ingenious anecdote: the driver whose suggestibility led to an accident and a crushed skull (the brains fell out); the promiscuous (*i.e.*, open-minded) girl who lost her brains in "some sort of operation that is illegal." And, of course, there is the example of Oedipus, "so open-minded that his brains fell from his optic pits in the form of scarlet blood."

For the most part, student metaphor is insensitive and trite. "You should listen to both sides of the fence." "We must weed out the truth." "If you take other people's advice, you become a vegetable with no brains." (In contrast, evidently, to the higher orders of vegetable.) Few students are adept at defining terms (they tend, for example, to equate open-mindedness with frankness or tactlessness), and fewer still show a firm understanding of a logical argument.

Though generalizations are risky, most College Board readers agree that the boys show more intellectual energy, and more daring, than the girls. Girls tend to fill every available line with neat, careful, well-punctuated sentences; boys are likelier to make a flying leap at the subject, pummeling it vigorously in one lively, untidy paragraph. (After acres of good-girl prose, what a relief to find the boy who dismisses metaphysical speculation with a sturdy "Why argue about front-wheel drive if you can only afford a Volkswagon?"

What do they fear, these high school seniors, and what do they want? The questions are reverse and obverse of the same coin. They fear rejection – by their peers, by the omnipotent adults who control college applications and jobs. (Candidates who equate open-mindedness with frankness are opposed to it because bluntness offends.) They fear Trouble. Trouble, in the romantic landscape which they inhabit, is as vaguely defined as Success – but they suspect it's what comes of free speculation. Drugs, sex, communist infiltration, atheism. . . . "I don't want," writes one anxious youngster, "to be caught with my standards down." What they all want is security, in particular the security that comes of guidelines firmly drawn.

The single greatest complaint in these papers – one finds it again and again – is that parents and teachers have abrogated their natural authority for a wishy-washy "What do *you* think?" More discipline, not less, is the cry. The boy who demands a motorcycle, the girl who argues for an unchaperoned ski weekend, really wants, it would seem, a resounding NO! Disturbed by the vision of a world where values and standards are relative, the 17-year-old seeks conviction. But the hungry sheep look up and are not fed. "My mother wears textured stockings and mini-skirts, and my dad sports a six-foot muffler," says one disenchanted high schooler. "In our house, it's morality à go-go." The young want to be in charge of their own minds, sure, but in their quest for a viable selfhood, they could use a little help.

This, then, is the impression one gets from a sampling of 130,000 papers – of youth anxious, uninformed, moralistic, fearful of extremes. The question arises: Is it for real? Or are the test-takers putting us on, saying what they think their judges wish to hear? "I just don't believe they're being honest," one reader commented. "All that self-conscious goodness and piety. These kids have been so pushed by teachers and parents that they've turned into con artists. You know how they'll say, in class, *'What did you want* on that question?' They think education is to figure out the teacher, not figure out themselves. Anything for a grade." But the conservatism seems genuine.

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Fresh Breezes in the Labor Movement

by Gus Tyler

American trade unionism officially entered the space age on March 16-17 when the AFL-CIO Council of Scientific, Professional and Cultural Employees (S-P-A-C-E) held its founding convention in Washington, D.C. The council plans to spur organization of white-collar professionals who, together with public employees and workers in service trades, now are the largest sector in our labor force – one that has until recently been considered unorganizable.

On the "steering committee" for SPACE – in addition to the teachers – are Actors' Equity, Guild of Musical Artists, Federation of Musicians, Broadcast Employees and Technicians, Technical Engineers, Insurance Workers, Air Line Pilots, Federation of Government Employees. But the total membership of all these organizations understates the number of white-collar and professional union members, because many of the traditional blue-collar unions include large contingents of the new labor force. The United Auto Workers, for instance, count more than 50,000 members in their Technical, Office and Professional Department, set up after the 1962 convention. The International Brotherhood of Teamsters is the hottest rival of the office and clerical unions for membership in NLRB elections. As manufacture goes increasingly mental, the established blue-collar unions automatically pick up large chunks of the new-type technician in the cybernated plant.

The new leap forward, however, is among the unions exclusively dedicated to the organization of white-collar, service, government employed, professionals. The teachers are a model case, since they cover all four of these categories. A decade ago, the American Federation of Teachers counted some 40,000 members; today, they have tripled that number. The growth has taken place in the last four years: 58,400 members in 1962 and 129,000 in 1966. The recent victory of the AFT in a Washington, D. C., election adds another 6,000 members. Perhaps more relevant than quantity is the quality of the teacher movement; it has developed an infectious militancy, spreading from high schools to colleges, from public to parochial institutions, from teachers to students and vice versa. Recent events at St. John's, Long Island University and Catholic University are well publicized examples of the mood.

New York was numbed this spring when the uniformed firemen and the police threatened to strike and were backed by the central labor body. When this little revolution was resolved, the Horse Owners Benevolent Association led their beasts in a sitdown strike to demand increased purses from the state regulated tracks!

The Wall Street Journal on July 19, 1966, reported NYC Health Department doctors striking for higher pay; New York and San Francisco nurses picketing; firemen in Atlanta on strike; Kansas City firemen calling in "sick"; social workers in Los Angeles demanding union recognition; Detroit teachers threatening strike; NY sanitation workers demanding a 15 percent raise, thinking "nothing of striking."

About a month later, August 30, the voice of Wall Street recorded how the once well behaved were getting ready to misbehave. Firemen set up a special commission to review no-strike clauses in their constitution; the National Postal Union voted to keep the strike ban but ordered a test of constitutionality on federal employees' right to strike; California nurses dropped the strike ban. "Florence Nightingale all of a sudden is sounding like Samuel Gompers," said the *Journal*. In the same summer of '66, 1,500 doctors stayed away from their jobs in New York community health centers to win tenure and pay. That fall, the superintendent at West Point Military Academy granted recognition to a local of the American Federation of Government Employees representing civilian employees. The *Journal* described the upheaval as "The Gray Path to Anarchy," and it has spread to mediators, faro dealers, ballet dancers and priests. In March 1965, the American Federation of Casino and Gaming Employees set out to organize the personnel of the Carson City Nugget Casino Inc., winning a majority in one month. Columnist James P. Gannon foresaw the day when there would be unions such as the International Association of Slot Mechanics, the United Brotherhood of Counters and Bagmen, the Keno Runners Amalgamated Protective Society (KRAPS). In August 1966, the dancers of the American Ballet Theater pointed their toes to the picket line. In October, Father William H. DuBay announced that he had signed up 100 clergy for his American Federation of Priests. Finding DuBay too way-out, Chicago priests formed a "professional

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association," a quasi-company union, called the Association of Chicago Priests.

For unions in the new sector, militancy has meant membership. The American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees has expanded in the last 10 years from 158,000 members to twice that number; the American Federation of Government Employees adds about 5,000 members a month; the Building Service Employees add about 1,500 a month; the Retail Clerks has grown from about 300,000 to more than 400,000 in the last 10 years.

Unions in All But Name

Parallel with the growth of unions in the new sector is the transformation of "professional associations" into collective bargaining agencies. Again the teachers point the way. The National Education Association, with its million members, considered itself for many decades as above the employer-employee battle. Today, the NEA enters elections to be certified as the authorized bargaining agent, negotiates contracts, boycotts school systems, goes on strike! In effect, it is a union whose differences with the AFT will soon be ideologic and historic rather than pragmatic and current.

Amidst this transformation, the NEA clings to the clichés. It holds out for "professional negotiations" instead of "collective bargaining," and believes in "sanctions" but not "strikes." The distinction is put thusly: "The sanctions of withdrawing or withholding services by teachers do not violate existing contracts. Teachers fulfill their contracts for the current school year." But after the "current year," the NEA has no objections to saying "no contract, no work," just like miners.

Other organizations that have transformed themselves are the American Nurses Association, the various Police Benevolent Associations, the National Association of Women's and Children's Apparel Salesmen (now a full-fledged union), the old-line civil service association. This change-over from "association" to "union" again recalls the early days of the industrial union drive when "company unions" turned anti-company. Indeed, some of the most powerful CIO unions, like the currently prestigious Communication Workers of America, were largely founded on company unions that later cut the umbilical cord.

Why this restlessness in the new labor sector? Basically, the phenomenon is the long overdue maturation of a new class. Everybody else organizes: bankers and lawyers in their ABAs; managers and medicos in their AMAs; actors in their Equity and columnists in their Guild; television commentators in their AFTRA and vaudevilleans in their AGVA. Why not teachers?

Organization, however, usually waits until any such group differentiates its interests from those of its employer. In the one-room schoolhouse, the teacher was administrator. In the modern school system, the school board or top administrator is many layers removed. The teacher feels like an employee who demands monetary recompense for his loss of psychic income and who, to boot, demands return of his lost voice in "professional" matters, like curriculum, class size, teaching methods. In the computerized office, the one-time clerical is now seated at a long work bench, monotonously punching, sorting, filing like any young girl in "section work" at the sewing machine. The social workers climbing stairs to check on relief clients feel no different from the old milk wagon driver.

Finally, a vast body of local and federal legislation authorizes bargaining rights for employees of government and of non-profit institutions. Much of this legislation was a response to the growing political influence of organized labor. Unions that have come into being as a result of such laws are now successfully pushing to expand their legal rights.

The restlessness is not confined to the new sector. Both membership and leadership are in flux in the older unions. Those born immediately after World War II are now moving into the labor force. In the last three years, the UAW retired 200,000 old-timers and took in 549,000 new members (many under 21) who compose 42 percent of the membership. This is a generation that knew not John L. It looks on leaders of 40 as old, of 60 as ancient, and of 70 as antediluvian. Hence seasoned officers who urge their rank and file to ratify reasonable solutions find themselves voted down repeatedly. In January of this year, Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz foresaw more such rejections.

The rising disquiet is as inevitable as it is unnerving to established leadership. Contracts that seemed utopia to a depression generation look puny to the generation of the affluent society. After the contract come the wildcats, partly an expression of the sap rising in the young ones, but also a protest against automation. The old speed-up is gone but a new "speed-up" is here, taxing mind instead of muscle, demanding tight attention, rubbing nerves raw. In this nervous state, the worker adds imagined to real grievances, creating a whole world of psychogenic complaints that defy cure.

This restlessness has produced a high turnover rate of local union presidents – the targets nearest at hand. It has also reached higher, all the way to the top of national unions. The American trade unions are going through a generational change. Several dozen top national leaders have within the last decade either been removed, retired, or buried. The one-third of the AFL-CIO Executive Council who did not stand for reelection at the last convention were men who had already lost their base in their national unions.

The changes in both the composition and, inevitably,

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the character of the American trade unions mark the third distinctive era in this century. The first was the craft union period, from 1900 to 1935, representing between 10 and 12 percent of the non-agricultural employed. The second was the craft-industrial period, from 1935 to the present, that doubled the percentage. The third is the organization of the new labor force that may, within a decade, again double the percentage.

The organization of the new sector carries clear political consequences. There have been fresh moves for union regulation by government. The impending railroad strike is an immediate case in point, bringing to a head accumulated frustrations from prior crises in airlines, shipping, newspapers. Threatened strikes by public employees, as well as milder demands for bargaining rights and arbitration, have opened up the whole question of limitations on the civil servant. Where both public discomfort and public employment become joined – as in the case of the transit workers, police, teachers, firemen – regulatory legislation is moved to the top of the agenda.

All the unions that can be affected by such legislation, whether of the old blue-collar or the new white-collar variety, are driven to more intense political action. If they are to be regulated, they want a greater voice in the regulation.

In the case of the public employees there is a second and more intimate reason for politicking. For to them, "the boss" is the government. Civil servant unions would like to have a hand in electing that boss – especially if the right to strike is curbed by public law or by public opinion.

Antitrust Slowdown?

by Alexander M. Bickel

Quite possibly, when the Sherman Antitrust Act became law in 1890, it represented, for many of those who voted for it, little more than a harmless gesture. A "bill to punish trusts" was needed to go to the country with, said the very conservative Senator Orville H. Platt of Connecticut; he implied that any bill so headed would have done as well. Looking back on the age of reform, Richard Hofstadter has suggested that the Sherman Act may be viewed as a "ceremonial solution" to an essentially insoluble problem, and that as such it is a "temptation to the satirical intelligence." More recently, John Kenneth Galbraith has remarked that the antitrust laws "are a charade." Yet in the age of reform and intermittently since then, corporate size and the concentration of economic power have deeply disturbed many people. They do so today, as the American economy tends, in many sectors, to be dominated by two or three huge companies, and as a sustained merger fever once again grips the business community. And now as earlier, while some sophisticated observers dismiss the antitrust laws as sham and charade, for many other people the fear and anguish evoked by the problem of economic concentration, as well as extravagant hopes for its solution, focus on the same antitrust laws.

The fears and the extravagant hopes focus, this is to say, on the assistant attorney general who heads the 280 professional employees of the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice, and administers its $7 million annual budget. That official at present is Donald F. Turner, economist and lawyer, formerly a professor at the Harvard Law School, possessor of a distinguished national reputation as a scholar and teacher in the field of antitrust, in short, as brilliant an appointment as can be credited to President Johnson in any field.

Turner is clear that there is no magic in size, that bigness is not necessarily synonymous with economic efficiency and progress, and he is committed to the proposition that, except in an unusually fragmented industry, "*any* merger between substantial, viable competitors" should be attacked by the government. Nevertheless, he is continually taken to task for being insufficiently aggressive. Thus a series of articles in – of all places – *The Wall Street Journal*, earlier this year, spoke of an antitrust slowdown, and quoted liberal critics as censuring Turner for inaction on mergers, and for being a "gentle" trustbuster. This sort of criticism was reflected, however politely, by members of the Senate Select Committee on Small Business, before which Turner testified on April 6, 1967. "Scarcely a day goes by," said Senator Morse, "that we do not see in our papers or read in our mail, 'Why isn't the Justice Department doing something about such-and-such a merger or acquisition?' Or, 'Why is the Justice Department trying to stop the merger of companies A and B, which are pretty small, while doing nothing about the X and Y merger, involving very big companies?' "

The answer to such criticism lies in the nature of our antitrust laws, of which something more and something different is often expected than was put into them

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by the Congresses that wrote them. They are not, these laws, on the one hand, a sham and a futility, powerless to protect and foster genuine competition in the economy. But they are not, either, a general mandate to the attorney general, to the courts, and to the Federal Trade Commission (which also has a function in enforcing them) to foster small business and prevent economic concentration. For they embody no well-defined policy forbidding undue size or mergers as such, nor a policy forbidding the sort of oligopoly or even monopoly power that results from efficiency and luck rather than from mergers. The Sherman Act prohibits contracts, combinations or conspiracies in restraint of trade or commerce, and punishes monopolization, and attempts, combinations or conspiracies to monopolize trade or commerce. But a company's share of the market has to be very preponderant before a monopoly can be said to exist, and a merger can be said to restrain trade only if it actually restricts or eliminates competition. The question is one of economic analysis of a given market, and of the consequences to it of a given merger.

No Mandate to Combat Bigness

The Clayton Act of 1914, the other major antitrust law, seeks prophylactically to prevent what the Sherman Act forbids. It outlaws all mergers or purchases by one corporation of another, "where in any line of commerce in any section of the country, the effect of such acquisition may be substantially to lessen competition, or to tend to create a monopoly." The mandate of the Department of Justice and of the Federal Trade Commission is significantly enlarged by this statute, but it is still no mandate to combat bigness as such. And it is certainly no mandate to combat bigness which may result, as it often will, in greater efficiency and in general economic benefits to all concerned, including the consumer. Businessmen are in business to make money; the dollar is the corporate manager's chief measure of success. If there is a merger which falls well short of achieving monopoly power, it occurs, more often than not, because in the judgment of the two managements it will result in economies of scale and other savings of costs and energies which will enable the merged corporation to operate more efficiently, and thus turn a higher profit by satisfying more consumer demands than it did before, or satisfying them better. Should federal officials, agencies and courts come to freely second-guess or discount such judgments, the end result will be not the protection and fostering of a competitive market, but the substitution of a regulated for a competitive market – the opposite result from that contemplated by the statutes.

To be sure, as Turner points out, not all mergers proceed from a judgment that economies and efficiencies will be achieved. Some may be the consequence merely of a kind of managerial imperialism, of a mindless striving for grandeur. And not all the economies of scale and other efficiencies which a business may achieve from its own point of view need be so regarded from the point of view of the economy as a whole. This may be the case with economies of scale in advertising. But it remains true, at least with respect to so-called conglomerate and market extension mergers, that is, mergers between companies that have not been in direct competition with each other, that any simple, flat rule against them would very often have an anti-competitive effect.

This is not to say that it would be an irrational or necessarily a wrong rule. We may very well be wise to give up some of the economic benefits to be derived from a free competitive system in favor of a policy limiting the size of industrial organizations. Regardless of its economic efficiency, Brandeis once said, a corporation "may be too large to be tolerated among the people who desire to be free." But such a policy is not a policy against restraints of trade and against monopolies, and hence it is not a policy embodied in our present antitrust statutes. It is a policy in favor of some restraints of trade, a policy sacrificing some of the benefits of competition, a policy in favor of a given type of organization of society. Is it not clear that if we wish to pursue such a policy, Congress ought to decide when and how and in just what circumstances we should pursue it? Surely such basic decisions are not to be left to officials, administrators and courts. But it is precisely these decisions that some of Turner's critics demand that he make in the first instance, and cause the courts to make.

"What do we do," said Chairman Smathers of the Senate Small Business Committee to Turner at the hearing in April, "when the department decides – when most everybody thinks that there ought to be some action taken and the department decides, says, well, we guess that is all right. The only thing I guess we could do is to start passing laws which we do not like, you do not like, and they do become too restrictive.

"What we are saying, I think, is we need really always to have a very aggressive antitrust section in the Department of Justice, and if an error is made, it should be made on the part of an aggressiveness in the interests of the general public rather than on the part of too much caution, because where they get hurt, we think, where the general public gets hurt is when we see these overabundances of mergers and we think it is anti-competitive."

Turner replied: "I would accept that proposition, Mr. Chairman, if I could restate it in this way: I think it is appropriate for the Antitrust Division or the Fed-

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eral Trade Commission to lean on the aggressive side in enforcing antitrust laws, to protect the interest that the antitrust laws are designed to protect. That is the interest of competition, the primary consideration. I do not believe that it is appropriate for either of us to endeavor to play God and to bring in what I would call primarily social interests, which are indeed legitimate interests but cannot be really satisfactorily worked into antitrust law without conferring on somebody like me or my superior, the attorney general, what amounts, I think, to an unsatisfactory degree of discretion.

"What I am saying is this, that it is hard, if not impossible, to approach a merger case, asking the question not only is this anti-competitive, which we do ask, but also, wholly apart from competition, is it a good thing or bad thing? I do not think it is appropriate for us to ask those further questions. I don't think we should."

Pursuant to the prophylactic policy of the Clayton Act, and quite without undertaking to play God or to substitute regulation for competition, the Justice Department and the Federal Trade Commission should, as Turner recognizes, take into account not only *probable* anti-competitive consequences of a merger, but also speculative, *possible* anti-competitive consequences. But such speculative possibilities can approach being decisive only in circumstances when a fairly assured judgment can be made that the merger will result in no efficiencies benefiting the entire economy. There will be, as noted earlier, mergers that do not proceed from rational economic considerations, but the fact will not often be clear, and the balance struck between the speculative anti-competitive possibilities and the speculative beneficial possibilities of a merger will involve an extremely difficult and delicate judgment. And if there appear to be neither anti-competitive possibilities nor speculative economic benefits, so that the merger seems to the detached observer to be simply silly, the upshot must be that the government keeps hands off, for as Turner says, silliness does not violate the antitrust laws. Nor does a simple increase in size.

Gauging the Effects on Competition

The judgments that are called for may be illustrated by some examples. There has been criticism of Turner for not moving against two – among a number of other – mergers in the fuel industry. Thus one substantial firm, the Union Oil Company, bought up another, the Pure Oil Company. Union Oil sold almost entirely in the West Coast and Rocky Mountain market, and Pure Oil in the Southeast and Midwest. So they were not competitors. The issue reduced itself, therefore, to a speculation whether the merger suppressed a future competition that might have arisen between the two companies, and on the basis of an analysis of their positions and capabilities, Turner concluded that Union was no potential competitor of Pure.

Again, there has been criticism of Turner's failure to act against the acquisition by Continental Oil Company of Consolidation Coal Company. Continental sells natural gas and residual fuel oil as well as gasoline. The latter is no competitor of coal, but natural gas and oil sometimes compete with coal, as in the production of electricity. But the two companies operated in different regions, and were not in any sense direct competitors. Nor did potential competition seem likely. There was another factor in the case. Consolidation was engaged in an effort to develop a process for manufacturing gasoline out of coal. But if Consolidation succeeded in developing such a process, there was no reason to believe that other companies would not do the same. At worst therefore – all of this referring, of course, to a distant future – the merger might remove one of an indeterminate number of potential competitors from Continental's gasoline market. If Consolidation had been the only, or one among very few, coal producers who were potential competitors in the gasoline market, the speculative anti-competitive effects might have been considered significant, even though they did involve the piling of contingency upon contingency. But in the actual case, the potential effect on competition was hardly measurable. And so again Turner did not act.

By contrast, and even though it is far from a clear case – if indeed there are any clear cases of this sort – Turner did intervene before the Federal Communications Commission and obtained reconsideration, on antitrust grounds, of the proposed merger between the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation and the American Broadcasting Company. The broadcasting industry is highly concentrated – there are three networks, and no more. It became clear in the course of a Justice Department investigation that before deciding on the purchase of ABC, ITT had canvassed the possibility of entering the broadcasting field itself by creating another network. The merger thus removed a potential competitor in a field in which there is now insufficient competition, and in which the barriers to entry are such that very few potential competitors, of whom ITT was one, are likely to come forward. Furthermore, as a manufacturer with no broadcasting interests, ITT would have high incentives to develop new technologies competitive with the present ones. ITT had already invested some money in CATV (community antenna TV), and might have been expected also to work on ultra-high frequency

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broadcasting, and possibly to develop a microwave-coaxial cable network. The development of these new technologies would tend to reduce the power of existing stations and networks, which derives in part from the limited number of channels now available for effective broadcasting, and to make more probable the entry of a fourth and perhaps other networks to compete with the existing three. But, as Turner wrote to the Federal Communications Commission, "ITT's commitment to a heavy investment in an existing network may blunt its efforts in developing the technology for competitive broadcasting methods." Finally, the economic reason assigned for the merger, which was that ABC needed the resources of ITT in order to put itself in a better competitive position against the other two networks, seemed highly dubious. ABC apparently had no real difficulties in getting financing from normal money markets without seeking a merger, and ITT intended to draw money out of ABC for its other enterprises rather than put money in.

Overloading the Antitrust Laws

These are some problems and decisions bearing on the currently fashionable trend toward conglomerate and market extension mergers, as they are called. But without the need for any further mergers, large sectors of the American economy are already highly concentrated, dominated by two or three huge corporations. This is true of the all-important steel and automobile industries. It is true of the computer industry, which is expected before very long to have a share of the gross national product comparable to that of the automobile industry at present. The computer field is dominated by IBM, with a 75 percent share of the market, and the prospect that an industry which is likely as a whole to attain the size of the automobile industry will be the domain of a single company is something to ponder. Turner is currently conducting an active investigation of the computer industry. But as noted earlier, the antitrust laws have no application to the most dominant of market positions, including even what might be called monopoly, if it is the result of efficiency, internal growth, luck, accident. It remains to be seen whether the situation in the computer industry is the result of efficiency, accident and luck. If it is, there will be little that the Department of Justice can do about it.

As to the concentration in the steel and automobile industries, there is no investigation afoot at the moment. Even assuming that violations of existing antitrust laws could be found in those industries, there is a serious question whether the initiative to disturb entrenched economic arrangements which have long been tolerated, and around which have clustered numerous interests and expectations, should be left to appointive officials and to the courts, rather than be the subject of new legislation.

Turner also has active investigations going of patent-based positions of economic power in the chemical and electronics industries, and of the soap and detergent industry, which is dominated by three huge companies, Procter & Gamble, Colgate, and Lever Brothers. Both investigations attempt to break new ground in the administration of the antitrust laws. The investigation of the soap industry will, as did the Supreme Court's recent decision in *Federal Trade Commission* v *Procter & Gamble Company*, dissolving the merger between Procter & Gamble and Clorox, deal with the influence of heavy national advertising on the concentration of market power, and on high prices.

The antitrust laws began to be enforced in the United States about 60 years ago, in the Administration of Theodore Roosevelt. From the beginning, they have affected the nature of the American economy, and done their part in protecting competition. Those who purport to think that it was all sham and a charade, are wrong, and they continue to be proved wrong. But from the beginning also, and to this day, people have loaded on the antitrust laws a freight they are not fitted to carry, and have charged those laws with hopes they were bound to disappoint. Administration of the antitrust laws is a gritty, technical, economic business. That is the job, and not free-wheeling rearrangement of the society's social and economic power units nearer to a desired model. There is every reason to believe that the true antitrust job is now being done as effectively and as well as it ever has been. But for other solutions to other problems which may very justly trouble us as we survey the organization of American industry we must look elsewhere.

He did not think, Turner told the Senate Small Business Committee in April, "that the concentration of assets into fewer and fewer hands – even when not accompanied by probable anti-competitive consequences – is a good thing from a political or social point of view. . . . If there is a real prospect of a very material increase in the concentration of assets in the hands of a limited number of companies, that is clearly something to worry about. As I have said before, however, if we are faced with this problem, it should be attacked directly. It calls, not for an antitrust solution, which at best would probably be ineffective anyway, but for a legislative solution of a substantially different order." For example, Turner suggested, any time a corporation makes an acquisition of a certain size, it might be required to peel off assets of comparable magnitude. This and similiar solutions are for Congress to consider, not for an official like Turner to evolve and enforce.

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SPRING BOOK REVIEW

T. S. Eliot and the Literature of Waste

by Richard Poirier

With everything going for him the way it has been for some thirty years, Eliot will shortly achieve, in the minds of young people, something like the status of Robert Browning. This unfortunate development won't be much delayed by the most recent of the several *festschrifts* in his honor: *T. S. Eliot: The Man and His Work, A Critical Evaluation by 26 Distinguished Writers,* edited by Allen Tate. It includes some useful pieces, especially by G. Wilson Knight, Mario Praz, Austin Warren, Frank Kermode, and Stephen Spender (whose essay is the best in the book) and a finely drawn personal memoir by Robert Giroux. But there have been better essays around for some time by Leavis, Blackmur, and Hugh Kenner, among others, so that the Tate collection, by being merely good, is yet another reminder that contemporary criticism has emulsified rather than developed the best things produced in its name. One reason is that a lot of the best criticism is beyond the grasp of most practicing critics; another is that it is usually of no help at all to anyone "preparing" a writer like Eliot for the classroom. And it is in class where writers are now given their place and where poetry, along with the kind of criticism written by a Leavis or a Blackmur, is reduced to what passes for sense. If Eliot or Joyce, Yeats or Faulkner were really what most teachers make of them, then they could be of interest only to those either getting or giving a degree, and this seems to me nearly the state of things now. For evidence, merely glance into the various "reader's guides," especially those on Eliot and Joyce published by Noonday, a charming name under the circumstances, and guaranteed to prevent the interested reader from either enjoyment or understanding of the authors discussed.

T. S. Eliot: The Man and His Work
edited by Allen Tate
(Delacorte; $6.50)

Which is to say that there is a need to reimagine Eliot, to rescue him from the explicators who have elaborated merely "rationale," as Kenner puts it, "of the poems' surface novelties," and to save him even more from the masses of "notes." It won't be easy to reclaim his work from the conceptual and scholarly currency already invested in it. It will mean forcing ourselves to forget most of what exegesis has burdened us with, and it will mean returning for help to those very few difficult critics I've mentioned, all of whom have insisted, to almost no effect, on Eliot's deliberate irrationality. In trying to release Eliot from schematizations contrived mostly for the clarification and boredom of undergraduates, these, and a few others, direct us away from the seductions of neatness and into the wonderful mystery at the center of Eliot's poetry and criticism. What we find there, if we stay long enough, is that for Eliot ideas have no more organizational power than do literary allusions and that neither is as preoccupying as are the furtive memories and hallucinations, the sensuous images that stimulate a poem like "Preludes" but which remain at the end as unas-

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similated to any design as they were at the beginning: "I am moved by fancies that are curled/ Around these images, and cling: The notion of some infinitely gentle / Infinitely suffering thing."

It isn't necessary to subscribe to Eliot's prejudice against "ideas" or "thinking" – as if they were of necessity abstract – to say that his own genius is most impressive when his language challenges the conceptual and poetic schemas on which he seems to depend. He can disparage in a few lines the constructs beautifully shaped in preceding ones, so that a lovely composite of 19th-century poetic styles in "East Coker" is followed at once by a disclaimer in which Eliot asserts his responsibilities more to language than to Poetry:

> "That was a way of putting it – not very satisfactory:
> A periphrastic study in a worn-out poetical fashion,
> Leaving one still with the intolerable wrestle
> With words and meaning. The poetry does not matter."

How liberating that he should really mean that – "The poetry does not matter" – and by virtue of meaning it he is a poet of immediate contemporary significance. He chooses to devalue literature in the interests of the preeminent values of language. Language, keeping in trust the life given it by past generations, is too important to be left in the care only of poetry, and it must often be saved from what poetry has done to it. From so great a poet, this is a most poignantly tough and a very unacademic lesson.

Perhaps the most important aspect of the literature of this century which academicians can't or won't grasp is that Eliot and Joyce, two of the writers to whom they give the most attention, treat literature as a kind of enemy. Really to teach either writer well would be to expose the exorbitance of the claims made for literature since its advent in the thirties as a major academic industry: literature as a discipline, literature as a final refuge for cultural and humane values, literature as history, literature as sociology, literature as Nature. So that they might serve one or more of these, Eliot and Joyce have been made assertive where they are vague, orderly where they have chosen to remain fragmentary, solemn where they are comic, philosophically structured where they are demonstrating their disillusionment with philosophical as much as with literary structures. The literary organizations which they adumbrate only to mimic, the schematizations they propose only to show their irrelevance to actualities of experience – these have been extracted by commentators from the contexts that erode them and have been imposed back on the material in the form of designs or meanings.

Of course "The Waste Land," like *Ulysses*, is notoriously allusive to the classics of literature, but both works do something with the literature of the past which a number of the more enlightened professors of English are only now beginning to think of doing: they put the classics in the context of (really in competition with) various non-literary media – a newspaper office, a pub, the expressive conventions of the music hall or of other forms of public entertainment. Eliot and Joyce display an extraordinary vulnerability to these things and to the idioms, rhythms, artifacts associated with certain urban environments or situations. The multitudinous styles of *Ulysses* are so dominated by them that there are only intermittent sounds of Joyce in the novel and no extended passage certifiably in his as distinguished from a mimicked style. Among the greatest stylists in any literature, Joyce has in effect no style of his own in the sense, say, that Faulkner or Hemingway do. Similarly, "The Waste Land" is a medley of voices no one of which can be assigned to Eliot. He often deliberately refuses to get into his early poems as a dominating presence: he chooses to be invisible within the forms already given to language by imaginations other than his own and he disperses himself in a poem by equivocations about the role, even about the sex of the speaker.

Such hesitancy in affirming any voice for the artist even though it is he who is assembling the work of art is consistent with the reaction, shared by Eliot and Joyce, against the promotion of the Artist by Pater. Eliot was especially exercised in his essay on Arnold and Pater that "Literature, or Culture, tended with Arnold to usurp the place of Religion, and to leave Religion to be laid waste by the anarchy of feeling. . . . The gospel of Pater" – art for art's sake – "follows naturally from the prophecy of Arnold." Eliot's essay was printed in 1930, but its sentiments are derived less, I suspect, from his confirmation, some three years before, into the Church of England than from his understanding of Joyce. He would have been particularly responsive to the Pateresque appropriation of religion into culture carried out by Stephen Dedalus, to the dismay of Joyce in the closing sections of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and in the opening scenes of *Ulysses*. There, in the very first pages, Stephen, speaking for a Literary Culture that has usurped the authority of the Church, must contend, without institutional support, with the mockery of Buck Mulligan, the medical student who presses the claims of Naturalistic Science: when Stephen's Catholic mother died was she simply dead, and beastly dead at that? Eliot's recognition of the relation of Joyce to Arnold and Pater can only be assumed. It is nowhere announced in his essay on Joyce, I find nothing in the many industrious studies of Joyce that defines the crucial importance of this relationship, and I can do no more here than assert its importance. To a remarkable extent, *A Portrait* and *Ulysses* fictionalize a span of English literary history: the career of Stephen as artist follows almost exactly the line of that history later traced by Eliot from Arnold through the Aesthetic movement of the eighties and nineties. And there is no reason to doubt that Eliot's essay, especially with the religious shading it gives to his long standing objections to Arnold, is indebted to Joyce's fiction.

Eliot's skepticism about his own poetic enterprise has, then, historical as well as personal sources, and it was no less active in his work than was Joyce's in his characterization of an artist in many ways his younger self. Understandably, Eliot has always been freer of dogmatisms about literature than have his followers, even to being more critical of his own happily few catch-

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words. It was Eliot himself who questioned such revered and fuzzy notions as "objective correlative," "dissociation of sensibility," and "impersonality." "Tradition and Individual Talent," the most renowned of his essays by virtue of its assertions about the proper shape of literary history, is in fact remarkable not for the orders it proposes but for those it disowns: any notion that we can put a fix on the past or on literature, any notion that an achieved order is ever more than provisional. The process of creation in constructing a literary history no less than in the construction of a poem involves for Eliot the exercise of a strongly de-creative impulse. This tension in him between creative and de-creative movements belies the sometimes prim directives he gives to himself, including the unfortunate declaration in 1928 that he was a classicist, royalist, and Anglican. Naturally, such wooden words soon became a bark for more than one critical voyage into what would otherwise have been the forbidding turbulence of Eliot's poetry, and it was Eliot who characteristically loosened the cork in 1934 by announcing that his commitment had been "injudicious." At the most Eliot is classical only in tendency, doing the best he can, as he remarks of Joyce and, in nearly the same terms, of Baudelaire, "with the material at hand." In this material, he is careful to add, "I include the emotions and feelings of the writer himself."

I hope the word "de-creative" has been given at least some meaning by what I've already said. Frank Kermode has used it to good effect about Eliot in the Tate collection, where he cites Simone Weil and Wallace Stevens for evidence of the word's usefulness in other extreme situations of contemporary literature. It's an especially suggestive word to me, however, because I had to make it up for myself when accounting for some of the implications of Mailer's *An American Dream*. But given the mostly illiterate dismissals of this remarkable novel, I'd better explain at once why I'm putting it in such distinguished company. I do so because Mailer offers an opportunity to define the de-creative imagination in a provocatively clarifying way and because I can thereby suggest the closeness of Mailer, where illustration can be quite explicit, to features of Baudelaire which Eliot might well have called de-creative in his essay of 1930. If seen in a line that has Baudelaire on one side and Mailer on the other, Eliot can be appreciated in a new light: that is, in the light of his contribution to what might be called the literature of waste, a literature in which a writer displays not so much an external waste land as the waste of his own substance.

Substance for a writer consists not merely of those realities he thinks he discovers; it consists even more of those realities which have been made available to him by the literature and idioms of his own day and by the images that still have vitality in the literature of the past. Stylistically, a writer can express his feeling about this substance either by imitation, if it sits well with him, or by parody, if it doesn't. But these feelings come out in other less literary ways. Human life itself exists, for articulation, in the shapes that language takes from literature or, especially now, from such non-verbal media as cinema, television, songs and dances, cartoons and advertising. Even offbeat manners follow the beat of these things. So that while a writer's relation to literature or to other media is manifest in his way of writing it is often more revealingly implicit in his or in his characters' way of doing other things. Hemingway and sports is a boring example, and I am suggesting something much less obvious. Consider the proposition, for example, that Frost's sexuality explains more about the energy vis-à-vis nature in his poems than would any placement of him with respect to Wordsworth. Sexual activity as a writer imagines it is especially revealing about the activity of writing because by the sexual act the body inescapably involves itself in the metaphysics of power, of waste, and of creation, and these are the obsessions of those 20th-century writers, at least as I read them, who aspire to greatness.

Mailer is, of course, especially interesting from this point of view. As even his titles will suggest – *Advertisements for Myself, Presidential Papers, An American Dream* – he is unusually

His life was The Revolution

Victor Serge agitated for revolution and fought in upheavals across the face of Europe. He helped to found the ruling Soviet Comintern, but was expelled from Russia in 1936 for his unorthodox communism. He died eleven years later in Mexico City, stateless and destitute. His writing was his only legacy, and his largely autobiographical novel, now published in English for the first time, is both a literary and historical landmark. "I can't think of anyone else who has written about the revolutionary movement in this century with Serge's combination of moral insight and intellectual richness."—*Dwight Macdonald.*

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indulgent, much more so than either Eliot or Joyce about the media that lay hold of his imagination and thus of his conception of the world and of himself. Pop Art, comic strips, detective fiction, encodings of power like CIA or Mafia – these are products of an American dream of power and so is the mind of Rojack, Mailer's hero. That mind can produce images only of the kind it has absorbed unless, in an effort to release itself, it creates images of the self which, as Leo Bersani shows, are even more hyperbolic. Rojack may be a version of Mailer the man, but he is a hero because, like Mailer the writer, he makes an effort, not wholly successful, to probe, enact, and then in disgust to cast away the nightmare images of the self that belong to an American dream. Mailer is redeemed from banality not by avoiding it but by an extravagant and thereby contemptuous indulgence in it, though it sometimes seems that he would be less contemptuous if the Devil would only give him his due. In any case, Mailer's highly moral allegory of sex does involve a contest between the powers in him of God and the Devil, between sexual acts that create life and sexual acts that cannot, a contest, to be specific, between vaginal and anal intercourse. The very fact that this anal-vaginal interplay has become, after Lawrence, Reich, and Norman O. Brown, one of the more chic literary formulae only makes it more appropriate to the uses to which Mailer wants to put it. The formula not only describes a wasteful entrapment, it also represents one: an idea, once startling, that is becoming a bromide and that the mind must throw off. (One can, of course, ask how startling an idea it ever was, after Dante, Spenser, and Milton, all poets of the underground way to the Top; and any reader knows that Mailer is finally enthralled by the very things that disgust him.)

If Eliot's admiration for Dante can be invoked here, then his very sentimental account of Baudelaire asserts itself almost as a gloss to what I've been saying. "When Baudelaire's Satanism is dissociated from its less credible paraphernalia," Eliot observes, "it amounts to a dim intuition of a part, but a very important part of Christianity." Searching for a "form of life," Baudelaire did not use his genius to control his perversities; instead he practiced, developed, and studied them in order to feel their human significance, to become at least negatively aware of the humanity he was outraging. Remembering Dante, we might say that he had to visit Hell in order to discover the route to Heaven. In a passage that suggests how Eliot might well have responded to Mailer – one thinks also of his essay on Djuna Barnes – he remarks that Baudelaire "was at least able to understand that the sexual act as evil is more dignified, less boring, than as the natural 'life-giving,' cheery automatism of the modern world. For Baudelaire, sexual operation is at least something not analogous to Kruschen Salts. . . . In all his humiliating traffic with other beings, he walked secure in this high vocation, that he was capable of a damnation denied to the politicians and newspaper editors of Paris."

Eliot in this mood is an answer to the never stilled jowl-shaking of the moralists: that when the world is going to pieces, shouldn't individuals help delay the process by playing Mrs. Miniver? Wouldn't it, for example, be the proper thing, after all, for a classical poet in the dry wasteland of the modern world to promote rather than question the fertile creations of the past? Shouldn't he advance the Value of Literature rather than deflate it? Eliot had none of it. He recognized instead that any individual of conscience and imagination might have to make matters worse as the only incentive for making them truly better. Damnation, says Eliot, can in itself be a "salvation from the ennui of modern life, because it at last gives some significance to living." This is a religious version of the irregular, radical life of our own time which no longer asks for religious sanction. But Eliot's religion should prevent no one from accepting the central propositions at work in his poetry and criticism: what still matters for life can be created in poetry only by great effort, and it can be recovered from the literature of the past only by cutting away what is dead. To do either is to violate, consciously and actively, the structures already achieved by others and by oneself. Speaking of the contemporary poet, he remarks that he must "dislocate, if necessary, language into his meaning."

Rather than trying to prevent the exposure of literature to the irreverent intrusions of modern life, Eliot initiates it. As a modern man he indulges in this irreverence; he participates in the de-creation of literature. But, he suffers from doing so because the modern alternatives to literature are themselves without any vitalizing life for him. Suffering is what provokes the countercreative movement. "The wounded surgeon plies the steel/That questions the distempered part" – such is a way of thinking, from "East Coker," of Eliot's relation to the body of English literature. It is a very different relation, needless to say, from the usual academic one. In his poetry as much as in his criticism he is anxious to dislodge works or writers from the place previously assigned them. He deprives them of those contexts – be it a historical situation or a circumstance of the writer's life – into which the credulous student is propelled by teachers who forget that it is impossible even to define the literary and historical contexts of works written in our own century. Eliot was more than ordinarily alive *in* his own time, and it was so alive in him, so distinctly not an abstraction, that he was among the first to argue that we cannot reconstruct the past "as it was" and that even if we could do so it would not be possible to "live" in it. Thus of Jonson, Eliot insists that "in order to enjoy him at all . . . we must see him unbiased by time. And to see him as contemporary does not so much require the power of putting ourselves into 17th-century London as it requires the power of setting Jonson in our London."

Eliot's idea of what he needed as a poet in "our London" necessarily meant that Milton, Blake, and Shelley had to be deprived by him of some of their acquired status. His more general but no less personal aim was to cleanse literature itself of sentimental historicism, of the value given to certain works because, in a phrase still dead and kicking, they were "important in their time." (The zaniness of that phrase is apparent to anyone who knows how books get to be important in our own time and how, therefore, the suppositious literary his-

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torian in 2067 might describe the 1960's.) And when Eliot later decided to reinstate Milton, Shelley, and Goethe, his argument, like his original deflation, was based on what had meanwhile become, for him, their contemporary relevance. The test of contemporary relevance is, of course, no more objective than any other, and Mario Praz makes some amusing conjectures that in the case of Shelley and Goethe Eliot's revision was prompted by his having read books (of practically no value, according to Praz) that had appeared about each of them. Revelations of this sort are scarcely invalidating, particularly to anyone who thinks, as I do, that the ingredients of criticism are not importantly different from the ingredients of fiction or poetry and that its value is determined by the degree to which some people who write it are more seriously interesting for a given time than are other people who also write it. Naturally, readers have to judge criticism against their knowledge of its subject, but so do readers of anything.

I'm, therefore, not much worried about the validity of Eliot's literary opinions; I'm concerned, rather, with their characteristic form. In Eliot the form is shaped by creative and de-creative movements: each movement is in itself usually very tentative, and yet each achieves by cumulative interaction a firmness that supports the other. The result is an extraordinary fusion of diffidence and dogmatism. It's often impossible to find at a particular point or conjunction of points in a given work confirmations of assertions we remember finding there: *Hamlet* is a failure, Milton is not a great poet. Dr. Johnson has been similarly vulgarized and for much the same reason. Recollected, Eliot is a poet-critic of provoking decisiveness; reread, he becomes again so full of intelligent nuance that we are forced to see why frailer minds like our own have wanted to impose decisiveness on him. It's as if he can be remembered adequately only by memorizing him, and that short of that the best we can do is simplify and systematize. But a more important reason for our reductive readings, and one which credits Eliot's power rather than our weakness, is that his procedural hesitancies have the total effect of enor-

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mous stamina; his reluctance of self-assertion, by acknowledging all the possibilities open to it, emerges as an ever dangerously controlled strength. Faced with such tensed authority, commentators have anxiously pacified it by translation: what is essentially power in the *exercise* of mind and spirit is made into a series of his Big Ideas or Feelings or Images, into precisely the forms Eliot eschews.

A beautiful illustration is the early poem "La Figlia Che Piange." That the poem is seldom anthologized and even less frequently talked about is another evidence, I think, that commentators prefer their Eliot when it is obviously about what Eliot is supposed to be about – wastelands, hollowmen, and Redemption. This poem is about none of the favorite themes so much as about the difficulty of locating any theme, about the inward dissatisfactions with all that the will can accomplish externally, and about the pressures that excite the oscillations of creativity and de-creation:

La Figlia Che Piange *

O quam te memorem virgo . . .
Stand on the highest pavement of the stair –
Lean on a garden urn –
Weave, weave the sunlight in your hair –
Clasp your flowers to you with a pained surprise –
Fling them to the ground and turn
With a fugitive resentment in your eyes:
But weave, weave the sunlight in your hair.

So I would have had him leave,
So I would have had her stand and grieve,
So he would have left
As the soul leaves the body torn and bruised
As the mind deserts the body it has used.
I should find
Some way incomparably light and deft,
Some way we both should understand,
Simple and faithless as a smile and shake of the hand.
She turned away, but with the autumn weather
Compelled my imagination many days,
Many days and many hours:
Her hair over her arms and her arms full of flowers.
And I wonder how they should have been together!
I should have lost a gesture and a pose.
Sometimes these cogitations still amaze
The troubled midnight and the noon's repose.

As a little drama, the poem progresses through various imperatives of order ("stand," "lean," "weave"), then to acknowledgments of their artificiality, and finally to an admission that the failed efforts began with the unmanageable cogitations with which they also end. Having been the stimulant of his efforts from the outset, these cogitations still trouble him at the conclusion with their merely seductive promise of meaning. But the poem is more than a drama moving through time. It exists as a revised totality, as a contemplated form, completed before being put before us. While the failure of initially asserted orders becomes gradually known to the reader, the assertions are made by the poet in full awareness that they are to fail. The poem simultaneously makes and unmakes its posturings and illustrates how Eliot's critical intelligence corrodes even his own tentative propositions.

Here, as nearly everywhere in his poetry, Eliot's imagination is beset by images of past experience. Like the material which feeds and is in turn expanded by neurosis, these images have been detached from the contexts that originally limited their significance. These fragmentary images may have been derived from literature, like the line from Virgil at the head of the poem, or they can have been left over from a walk through the streets, but their only context now is in the mind of the poet with its urgent need to explicate itself. As a conscious method, Eliot's allusiveness is a raid on the literary and historical past; he snatches images from the control of their original surroundings and tries to give them a setting in "our London." But "our London," the here and now of Eliot's contemporary experience, is itself composed of fragments, bits of experience that haunt him in "La Figlia Che Piange," in "Preludes," "The Waste Land," or the "Quartets."

Against the tendency to believe in the wasteland as an historical fact, it has to be consciously remembered that the fragmentariness which pervades it is Eliot's invention. It exists only in his kind of mind and in the poetry issuing from it, and it derives from the not at all necessary assumption that there should be some meaningful coherence among things. Without sharing that expectation most people are happy enough with the simple routines of daily existence. It is scarcely incumbent upon anyone to find significance in "lonely men in shirt sleeves, leaning out of windows," and while it may be important that a young typist "lays out food in tins" or spreads her "drying combinations" in the sun, it may also be only snobbish to think so. Such things, for most people, *are* the sufficient order of the day. Eliot feared this sufficiency as much as any of us depend on it, so that his de-creative impulse, with respect to the settled values of the past, is an evidence of an especially austere heroism. He left himself nothing but himself in search of a possible God. Fragmenting the past, fragmenting the present, Eliot's poems are nonetheless coherent because they are about the creative effort at work in them. Their coherence is never achieved by an appeal to abstractions, even the abstraction named God. Eliot's God, notably in the "Quartets," is the motive for creation.

While the "Quartets" are comparatively less allusive than are most of the earlier poems, they treat the world-taken-for-granted in much the way the earlier poems treat literary or other images of the past. By detaching images from the patterns of routine existence – by construing them as moments of illumination or as timeless moments – Eliot startles us and himself into recognitions of the strangeness always lurking, if we look intently enough, in what has been taken for granted. The "moment in the rose garden" or the "unimaginable zero summer" are a later

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version of the hallucinations and nightmares of the early works, and they are especially close to the disorienting experience in "Journey of the Magi." The plight of the speaker of that poem is that he has seen things that nag for interpretations he is unable to give – the birth, the three trees, the hands at dice, for example. To know the significance that will eventually accrue to these, he would have to see them retrospectively from a later, a Christian time, where images that now disquiet him would have been pacified within a scheme of public symbols. The poem de-creates the symbolic value with which these items have become encrusted and thereby makes us aware that the birth of Christianity was a moment in time of living wonder, mystery, and alienation. After his experience, the speaker of the poem feels that he lives in an "old dispensation" and the birth he has witnessed is only a vague symptom of the disorder, of the "fabulous, formless darkness" of Yeats, which may (or may not) be the signal of a new order of time and history. ". . . this Birth was/Hard and Bitter agony for us, like Death, our death" – he thinks. His is the suffering, in a degenerative era, for the necessarily de-creative aspects of creation.

Eliot as a projection of his *oeuvres* has a form distinctly unlike the form of any of his poems. He is infrangible, while his poems are fragmentary and seemingly irresolute about their fragmentariness. His poetry is about the difficulty of conceiving anything. Never merely expressive of ideas already successfully shaped in the mind, his poems enact the mind's effort even to form an idea. Yet he thrives upon some inward assurance, mysterious and not always accessible, that cannot be translated into programmatic thinking or into daytime sense. Reality is commonly extolled to the degree that it rationalizes those very moments which are for Eliot the intimation of some pattern that is deeper or higher – the geography varies with the occasion – than the business of daily living. He treasures such moments because they disrupt what passes for reality or history. No wonder that Eliot's personality has so conspicuously escaped most of the reminiscences in Tate's volume. Its true substance was hidden, one suspects, beneath the numerous public guises which it has amused Edmund Wilson, Auden, and Eliot himself, in "Mélange Adultère de Tout," to enumerate:

En Amerique, professeur;
En Angleterre, journaliste. . . .
En Yorkshire, conférencier;
A Londres, un peu banquier. . . .
C'est à Paris que je me coiffe
Casque noir de jemenfoutiste.
En Allemagne, philosophe. . . .
J'erre toujours de-ci de-lá
A divers coups de tra là là
De Damas jusqu'à Omaha.

Subsuming the personae ascribed to Eliot is a self that cannot be made public, except through questions and revisions of whatever can be made public. This Eliot, beyond anyone's parody but his own, nearly beyond anyone else's criticism, is secure in "the kind of pattern we perceive in our lives only at rare moments of inattention and detachment, drowsing," as he beautifully puts it apropos of Marston, "in sunlight." Eliot exists for understanding at an impossible remove, perhaps, from the kind of mind, the liberal orthodox mind of the "new" as much as any old left, for whom thinking and even suffering, consists in the abrasions of one abstraction on another. But anyone of genuinely radical sentiment can find in him an exercise of intelligence and spirit for which to be immensely proud and grateful.

War With China?

by Harrison E. Salisbury

The critical question of our day – indeed, the question on which the fate of the United States and of the world may soon hinge – is whether America and China are to engage in a land war in Asia.

It is a question which has hardly begun to engage the attention of a nation bemused by hawkish bombing, massive protest marches and that rival for TV attention, Twiggy. It is not a question which has been presented to the public either by President Johnson, his loyal associates for foreign affairs and war, Secretaries Rusk and McNamara, nor even (except parenthetically) by his loyal and deeply disturbed Opposition, Senators Fulbright and Mansfield. Walter Lippmann has yet squarely to address it.

The peril of escalation of the Vietnam conflict into that catastrophe against which generations of American military strategists and statesmen have resolutely warned is real and present. It may be escaped by chance or good fortune but hardly by good management. The very existence of the peril seems to be concealed from the thought and vision of White House, Pentagon and Foggy Bottom by an ostrich mania for closing ears, eyes and mind to ominous facts.

The facts – fortunately or unfortunately – are easy to come by. China may be an enigma, even a modern No-land, to those policy advisers who do not wish to disturb the fantasies of their chiefs but it is far from a terra incognita today. American visitors to Peking are still few and far between. Not so the progression of observant,

China: The Other Communism
by K. S. Karol
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scholarly, sensitive or even, occasionally, choleric travelers from the western world. Books and studies of China pour from the presses even more rapidly than those about Vietnam. Their quality is uneven. But few are without some insight into the present danger.

It is curious and possibly ominous that the danger is so little noted in Washington. There seems to be a deadly parallel with the events which brought the Chinese troops pouring in across the Yalu River almost to drive MacArthur and his men into the sea. Then, too, there was no lack of warning. Message after message was passed back to Washington by friendly Indian intermediaries. Public declaration after declaration was issued by Peking. Nonsense, said MacArthur and drove on for the Yalu. It was not nonsense. It was grim reality. The price of this blindness was paid in American lives, blood and treasure.

Today the hurricane signs are out. Well over a year ago I was told by responsible Chinese that they were preparing for war with the United States – war which *we* would provoke by our escalation in Vietnam. They said that to their way of thinking Vietnam was merely a *place d'arms* – a jumping off place for attack upon China. It was in this context which they viewed the remarkable complex of permanent air and naval installations which we were building in South Vietnam and Thailand. Last summer I found their view shared by many Asians of a multitude of countries.

The Chinese warnings have been coming for a long time. K. S. Karol cites one given to him as early as March 26, 1965 by Premier Chou En-lai at a moment when the American bombing of North Vietnam was only beginning.

"If the Americans are not content with threatening gestures and really want to provoke a wider conflict," said Chou En-lai, "then the Chinese and Russian people will close ranks. That is the truth. Remember that and you will see that history will bear it out. That is why Johnson, who is dancing on the tightrope of war and doesn't know how to turn about, is risking some surprises."

That warning was given more than two years ago. The wider conflict about which Chou En-lai spoke is now in progress. Already the telltale symptoms of the pulling together of Russia and China are to be seen in the diminution of conflict over the shipment of supplies to North Vietnam across China, in the quiet but firm word which has been passed by Moscow to Washington that step-by-step as we escalate so will they escalate the supply to Hanoi of rockets, fighters and other arms of war.

But graver events lie beyond the delivery of souped-up Soviet fighter aircraft, more advanced surface-to-air missiles than the SAM-2's on which Hanoi now relies. There is, as both Mr. Karol and the indignant Jules Roy insist, the direct danger of China military intervention in the Vietnam conflict.

This could come about in various ways. It might ensue in response to a call from Hanoi – a call which Hanoi's leaders told me in January would be positively issued in event of a land invasion across the 17th parallel, an amphibious landing in the Gulf of Tonkin or the carrying of the war "too close" to China's frontiers.

Or it could come by the simple act of Peking itself, moving to defend its concept of national interest just as in the Korean war. Is this likely? Judged by the statements made by the Chinese to me it seems not unlikely. It seems not unlikely to K. S. Karol who was told two years ago by a high Chinese that American action would take the precise course it has followed.

Subway Love

Negress serene though underground,
what weddings in northward Harlem
impressed upon you this cameo
stamp of stoic repose?
Beauty should never be bored
with being beautiful.

Bright lights shatter at our speed.
Couplings cluck, the darkness yells.
The child beside you sidles in
and out of sleep, and I,
poor sooty white man scarcely visible,
try not to stare.

O loveliness blind to itself:
sockets thumbed from clay wherein
eyelids are petals of shadow,
cheekbones and jawbone whose carriage
is of a proud rider in velvet,
lips where eleven curves live.

Eurydice, come follow me,
my song is silent, listen:
I'll hold your name in love so high
oceans of years will leave it dry;
mountains of time will not begin
to move a moment of your skin.

The doors gape wide at Fifty-ninth.
The kiosk steps are black with blood.
I turn and find,
rebuked by light,
you gone, Negress serene,
tugged northward into night.

JOHN UPDIKE

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Speaking at a moment when we had only 80,000 men in Vietnam the Chinese predicted that we would bring in hundreds of thousands of troops, bomb Hanoi, try to invade the North and wind up bombing China which they described as "as close to Vietnam as lips to teeth." We would then engage China in war, Mr. Karol was told, but the whole world would rise against us and we would not win.

The forecast given to Mr. Karol coincides with those which I have been given by the Chinese who even go further. They declare that we will wage nuclear war against them, striking first at their nuclear centers, then at their great cities. They even estimate the casualties – 300 million. But they insist they will survive these blows and that the 500 million surviving Chinese will fight on from caves and foxholes compelling us to engage them in hand-to-hand combat in which, they predict, we will be defeated.

It is the belief of both Mr. Karol and Mr. Roy that China has assiduously prepared for the attack which they believe the United States is going to launch. It is in this context that Mr. Karol places the Red Guard and the cultural revolution. The movement has more than one objective but a prime motivation is to mobilize the country, particularly the youth, on a paramilitary basis and to purge the Party and Nation of disloyal or weak elements in order, as Mr. Karol says, "to prepare for the worst and face the heaviest sacrifices." I might add that the same explanation was offered me by a Chinese spokesman many months ago. The spokesman conceded that the cost of the turbulent Red Guard movement was substantial but insisted it was a price which must be paid if China was to steel herself for the terrible blows which the United States would rain down upon her.

Mr. Roy went to China hoping to make a great historical documentary picture and write the epic of the China Revolution. He emerged in a state of complete frustration when his project went awry. He is convinced that China is itching for conflict with the United States and that, in fact, her "love for peace is a lie." Reasoning from the victory of General Giap who employed strategic and tactical surprise to produce one of the stunning victories of modern times – Dien Bien Phu – Mr. Roy postulates that China with her new stock of nuclear weapons may even be contemplating victory over the United States on a scale 50 times greater than Dien Bien Phu.

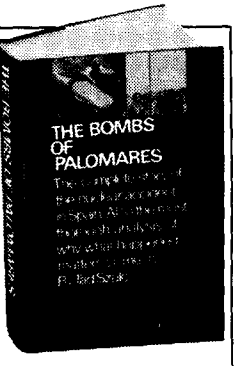
One need not accept Mr. Roy's envenomed view of China to recognize that if China becomes embroiled with the United States she is hardly likely to spare the use of her nuclear stockpile. Believing, as she does, that the United States contemplates nuclear war against her, she almost assuredly will employ the few technological assets at her command. She could not, of course, threaten America's "privileged sanctuary" in the western hemisphere (except by a miniature nuclear Pearl Harbor) but it would not be much of a trick to wipe out American Vietnamese installations with nuclear devices.

Such possibilities may seem unrealistic to a nation more conditioned by the credibility gap than it realizes but these are the small change of daily talk in China. For China has over a period of years organized her life, her society, her economy and her defense forces to resist, so far as she is capable of, the obliteration of nuclear warfare. The country has long been organized on a cellular basis, community by community, in a process which is eloquently and remarkably described in its earlier phases by Mr. Hinton. *Fanshen* is not a study of a military commune. It does not basically deal with military life at all. It is an intimate and intensely detailed examination of how the Chinese revolution came to a village. Mr. Hinton is a sympathizer with the process which he describes. He is not an objective observer but he is so good an observer that what he tells and what he describes becomes unequaled evidence of the sinews of the Revolution, of the raw forces of the China countryside which have been so closely woven, so mobilized through the Revolution.

If we would know the strength of the China with which *we* may soon be engaged in deadly and endless combat we could do far worse than read Mr. Hinton, page-by-page, absorbing this knowledge of our enemy.

Where does Russia stand in the holocaust which Mr. Johnson's gamble on massive escalation may touch off? She has been able to stand aloof thus far, Mr. Karol notes, because she has viewed Vietnam as a limited conflict, a small war in which the balance of world forces is not engaged. China has taken the opposing view. But so long as the conflict was not made virtually total by White House strategy Moscow could hold to the line that she need not jeopardize her relations with the United States. Is this now possible? Not in Mr. Karol's closely reasoned opinion. He breaks ranks with those soothing analysts who envisage Moscow standing to one side while we pulverize not only North Vietnam but China. Such Soviet insouciance may emerge. But it is hardly an odds-on bet. To be sure the Sino-Soviet alliance seems a dead letter at the moment. Would this hold in the event of major war or nuclear conflict between the United States and China? Would it hold in the event of the death of Mao Tse-tung? A very chancy question, indeed, if Mr. Karol

The secret that couldn't be kept!



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The Bombs of Palomares
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and many other sober-sided China watchers are to be believed.

Mr. Karol, a Pole who had occasion to study the Soviet Union intimately during many years of residence there, is, on the whole, quite favorably impressed with the China Revolution. He finds, in many ways, the Chinese reasoning and the Chinese doctrine superior to and more attractive than the Soviet. He does not believe Peking is the "yellow peril" which Moscow paints her. In fact, he believes that if we wished to put our minds to it that we might develop our relationship to the point at which she could "even one day . . . become our ally in the battle for a more just and humane world."

Unfortunately, the headlong course of American policy in Vietnam bids fair to destroy this option along with many, many others. Mr. Karol emphasizes that he did not visit China in order to learn how to help to defeat her. Yet, he cites a Chinese proverb of venerable antiquity: "Know thyself, know thine enemy and in a hundred battles thou shalt win a hundred victories." At this confused moment in history rare is the American who can truly say he knows his own country; rarer still he who has even faint knowledge of that remarkable nation and people who may tomorrow or the next day, by one chance or another, be his enemy.

"None of that in My *Nursery"*

by Honor Tracy

There is a type of awful novel which, for really appropriate comment, would require an English Nanny of the good old school. Those sayings of hers, that all good Nannies have uttered since Nannies were, would suit them to perfection. "Now then, Mr. Clever Trousers, if we're so sharp we shall cut ourselves shan't we?" she would mildly observe; and, "I'm afraid, young man, our eyes are a little bigger than our tummy." Presently she'd be back, with a shake of the head: "If we go on at this rate there'll be tears before bedtime." And finally, with a grim look over her spectacles: "None of that in *my* nursery, thank you. It's into the corner with you, quick march, and dry bread to your tea."

Report from the Red Windmill
by Hiram Haydn
(Harcourt, Brace & World; $5.95)

Nanny, however, lived in a world that was orderly, calm and sane: the reviewer of contemporary fiction has no such advantage. His duties are likewise different: on him it falls to describe and explain rather than urge to desist, and taxing work it will often prove. Our author here, the publisher tells us, is a Professor of Communications, whatever that mysterious branch of learning may be; but, apart from a certain confusion of mind, the novel communicates little.

Stripped of their fancy wrappings, the author's ideas are easy enough to follow. There are good things in life, such as love, hope, courage, sacrifice. There are also bad, such as cruelty, lust, the misuse of power. Human beings are a mixture of good and evil. All should try to know themselves, realize their potentialities. The Machine Age Cometh, and probably Armageddon. The reader will hardly quarrel with these simple familiar thoughts; but he may well object to the pretentious allegorical form in which they are conveyed, the borrowings and derivations, the knowing cultural allusions, the fashionable obscenities, the hair-raising puns ("I'm not a man to welsh on my rarebits or my responsibilities") and the muddle. It is curious how often writers unable to create a character, tell a story or construct a novel fall back on allegory, one of the most difficult of literary forms and perhaps better left to genius.

"I have to find him. No appeal to responsibility or common sense or sentiment can deter me from setting out in search of him." Thus the book opens, with Martin the "hero" speaking, and whom has he got to find? None other than his own younger self. To achieve this all-important aim, he abandons wife and children and travels north, in a real bus with real passengers, ending up in a real town that he has chosen without knowing why. So far it is all plain trotting, with a colorless individual in a hackneyed situation, but now the Professor gets the bit between his teeth and we're off at the gallop.

Martin rents a room in The Motel, presided over by an evil old harridan, "the malevolent mother of witches." His rest is broken by screams of terror and pain and brutal shouts of rage. He complains of it in the morning, but gets nothing from Madame beyond a hint that The Motel, being the quintessence of all motels, is bound to have such occurrences. In spite of her nasty looks, he opens his heart to her and tells her why he has come. She thinks the man he wants may be in the Red Windmill, a place near the town and "hard to describe," not an inn or a tavern or a brothel, not a night-club, no, nor an opium-den, and certainly not a church. Soon afterwards, Martin meets a fellow lodger – an elegant, urbane, sophisticated gentleman (revealed in due course as the Devil) – who offers himself as guide, a Virgil to Martin's Dante, to the Red Windmill, in other words, Hell.

This interesting establishment is on four different levels. At the top, where Virgil has never dared go, are supposed to be the ultimate secrets, where the mills grind exceedingly small. On the next down, "the sado-masochistic pleasures and other deviant activities are exploited with truly devilish ingenuity." Ground level is a mere "conventional heterosexual titillation centre," while in the basement are the horrible slums of Hell. Needless to say, Martin is all impatience to get there, nor has Virgil misled him: "fellatio, sodomy, buggery and exhibitionism were the mildest activities," giving rise to many a lurid descriptive passage. He also runs into Celia there, who represents Love, Life, Redemption and so forth, and without loss of time they hop into bed.

Martin's next adventure is to knock a man down. "The farther I walked, the more I liked myself," he says. "It had been a long time since I hit anyone."

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For this enjoyable act he is arrested by the authorities of the State of Mind, which is where we are located, and brought before Madame, who is also a part-time Judge. He is stripped, teased into an erection by a competent young lady from the Second Level of the Red Windmill and charged, not with assault – the Prof. has read his Kafka – but with "cohabiting with a strumpet in a place dedicated to the housing of religious dignitaries." Madame sentences him to a year as male prostitute, on 24-hour call; but to her fury the Governor of the State now enters the courtroom, dramatically quashes the sentence and takes Martin under his wing. He is a god-like being, or possibly God himself, with plans for blowing everyone up; and he desires to be known as Vincentio, why one cannot imagine, after the Duke in *Measure for Measure*.

And so on and so on and so on. A reviewer always hopes to, and usually can, find something somewhere to praise in any book, but this half-baked galimatias has me stumped. Wait, though! there is a happy and satisfying conclusion to it. Martin stabs himself, and most of the other people we've met come to a sticky end as well.

History and Moral Judgment

by Alexander R. Butler

Henry Steele Commager is one of America's most distinguished historians. The reasons for Commager's excellent reputation are apparent in this collection of essays. His style is simple, straightforward and assertive; his topics display a broad understanding of the American past as well as such specific matters as our Constitution, 19th-century social and intellectual reform movements, even cartography during the Civil War and the Enlightenment in Denmark. All but one of the essays in this volume have appeared elsewhere during the last thirty years, and the essays are remarkable for their consistency of approach and style.

The Search for the Usable Past and Other Essays in Historiography
by Henry Steele Commager
(Knopf; $6.95)

Although Commager denies that he approaches history from a philosophical point of view, nonetheless he comes to each of these articles convinced that the reader can learn from history, that sweet reason will eventually prevail over the vinegars of error. To these 18th-century ideals he adds one 19th-century addendum: the search for the American character. In this latter he is neither dogmatic nor chauvinistic, and although he admits that such a search is not now fashionable, he finds it still desirable. The reader may have reservations about cultural nationalism, but Commager is a genteel practitioner. Whether he is writing about Theodore Parker's intellectual dilemmas or those of Civil War generals trying to read inaccurate maps, Commager is trying constantly and obviously to relate the particularities at hand to the larger and better-known incidents, issues and habits of American life. Since Commager believes that we see the past through the eyes of the present, these essays are comments on the prophetic nature of the past, the ties between today and yesterday, the historical origins of the present.

If simplicity, straightforwardness and assertiveness are his strengths, they are also, at times, his weaknesses.The simplicity of his analysis becomes too simple when he argues so passionately against Charles A. Beard's *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* by arguing in effect that the Constitution was not an economic but a political document. Somehow or other Commager seems to have missed the very essence of the arguments of generations of economic materialists that politics and political institutions are simply guises by which men seek to insure their economic control over society.

What led Commager astray was precisely the failure of the same sensibility which led him to call his moral

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judgment about the Civil War a form of "poetic justice":

> "The Confederacy, which was founded on state sovereignty, was destroyed by state sovereignty. The Confederacy, which was founded on slavery, was destroyed by the state of mind which slavery imposed upon its other victims – the white people of the South. The failure of the Confederacy was ultimately a monument not to a failure of resolution or courage or will, but to a failure of intelligence and morality."

Bothered by whether or not the historian should morally judge his history, Commager finally says no. The past cannot defend itself. We all know that moral standards vary. Man is not God. If the reader doesn't know that Hitler was a "moral monster," the historian will be unable to alter the reader's judgment. So having made our judgments as men, how we acquire the evidence to make the judgments is not clear, we must proceed to ignore morality when playing historian. Commager does admit that if a moralizing historian is "exasperating," it is also "frustrating" to reach the end of a monograph and to find no conclusions at all. So to resolve this dilemma, he would opt for "opinionated argument" on the grounds that such "stoutly defended interpretation contributes, by its very vigor and independence, to ultimate clarification. . . ." Oh, my. Commager and others push themselves into these dubious distinctions because they begin with the dictionary distinction of morality as concerning questions of right and wrong and then fail to read the fine print. Commager, as well as many of his fellow professionals, have a real fear of moral judgments because such are unprofessional and unscientific. Quite aside from the dubiousness of calling moral judgments by other names – "poetic justice," or "interpretation," for example – they delude themselves when they argue that professional standards require the historian to be objectively, subjectively and morally impartial. One basis for this argument is that lawyers and doctors and other professionals can do it, why not historians? The historians ignore one aspect of the function of the lawyer or doctor, for example, who may not make the moral judgment but who persuades or helps his client to make it. To be a man is to be a moral animal. When Commager inquires as to whether or not the historian should make moral judgments, he asks the wrong question. The question is how to make the judgments. It would be better to ask how to make appropriate decisions, or even how to make elegant ones. Fortunately, Commager often makes the judgments, a little didactically and dogmatically to be sure. But where his genuine sympathies are involved, say in discussing Theodore Parker or Lester Ward, his judgments are both apt and relevant. Commager wrote of Theodore Parker, "Vigor, breadth, energy, simplicity, ruggedness, homeliness, enthusiasm characterized his thought rather than depth, subtlety, refinement, or serenity." Not an inappropriate comment on the commentator either.

The Scope of Jorge Luis Borges

by Victor Lange

To say that Borges is intellectually as well as formally one of the most fascinating and rewarding contemporary writers is to run the risk of discouraging readers with formidable praise. The "lucid pleasures of thought and the secret adventures of order" that his work offers do not, at the moment, seem much in demand. Borges, a man of letters of extraordinary cosmopolitanism has, of course, been an eminent figure in his native Argentina. The fact that in 1961 he received, with Samuel Beckett, the Prix Formentor put him, for a year or two, in the spotlight of European criticism, but his prose or his poetry do not appear to be widely read (several volumes, indeed, are unavailable) in this country or in England. One can only hope that so thoughtful and characteristic a collection of his writings as *A Personal Anthology* will win him a wider audience. It contains those few dozen stories, essays and poems by which he himself wishes to be known and judged, an exquisite miscellany that will delight and entertain as much by its serene play between reality and illusion as by its meticulous craftsmanship.

A Personal Anthology
by Jorge Luis Borges
edited with a foreword
by Anthony Kerrigan
(Grove; $5)

Borges is at first sight an esoteric writer whose person, except as a persuasive narrative voice, remains hidden behind what may seem the anecdotal monologues of an antiquarian but are in fact circumstantially fabricated fictions. His cryptic and recondite manner reflects an essentially bookish intelligence that draws on countless traditions of created images and recorded incidents. He is in a certain sense the most impressive *poeta doctus* of our time, who has spent a lifetime "not so much devoted to living as to belles lettres and, occasionally, to the perplexities of metaphysics." A distinguished librarian and a ceaseless reader, excerptor and commentator of books, he has from early youth been steeped in European and American letters. His stories and the three volumes of his essays testify to the breadth of his familiarity with religious and philosophical literature.

But learning and speculation do not make a poet: what gives to Borges' work its special imaginative power is the use to which he has put them towards the rendering of a thoroughly contemporary state of mind. His tales move from accounts of vouchsafed historical occurrences to utterly abstract projections of a visionary logic; in their often paradoxical language and metaphors they are at once baroque and modern. No doubt Borges belongs among those radically self-conscious and objective poets who, from Baudelaire and Mallarmé to Beckett, have attempted, in a state of immobility that is the price of perfect perception and memory, and in laconic structures of the imagination, to mirror an insufficient and absurd Creation. Writers

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write, Borges argues, to prove their own substance, to free themselves in some way or other of a sense of unreality and vacuity that haunts them. Their relationship to the world of facts and verifiable reality is bound to be paradoxical: in their poetry they must at once reiterate and parody the meaningless structures of the world. For the essential character of the universe, Borges concludes in the preface to his *Historia universal dela infamia*, one of his early collections of biographical vignettes, is its emptiness: whatever the melodramatic doings of its inhabitants, the accounts of these noisy adventures are mere fictions and evanescent images.

Altogether, Borges' brilliantly conceived narrative sketches reveal endless perspectives beyond causality, continuity or predictable order; they are a gallery of invented figures who in turn invent infinitely ramified stories, languages, systems, histories, cultures. These figures are the ghostly seekers who are, like Mallarmé in *Le Livre*, in pursuit of the unequivocal formula, the image, the absolute book, the word, that would contain the universe. In the story "The Aleph," this total concentration upon the all-revealing point is superbly represented in an ineffable vision. In "The Parable of the Palace" it is given more intricate meaning – the executioner's sword cuts down the poet "who was able to contain the totality of experience in a line of verse, or perhaps, in a single word"; he is punished by the emperor, who felt himself robbed of his realm. The poet, this Kafka-like allegory concludes, "was the emperor's slave and died as such; his composition fell into oblivion because it merited oblivion and his descendants still seek, and will not find, the word for the universe."

Borges' appropriate devices for this recurring effort at focusing upon an ever-elusive center are the dream, the mirror and the labyrinth. Each of these suggests a hermetically closed space for infinite repetition, variation and simultaneity, each transcends the stubborn pretenses of reality. By these and other mannerist metaphors, reality is diffused, refracted, multiplied and transformed. Indeed, Borges' insistence on blurring the very design of his stories by constructing tantalizing *trompe l'oeil* effects, by reflections upon reflections, by suggesting alternative conclusions, by leading us from a clear and pedantically substantiated foreground into a maze of hearsay and confusion, is indicative of his conviction that we must accept, and articulate in art the inescapable ambiguity of our world. What we take as reality is merely one of the configurations of the universal dream, and that borderland of experience where the multiple forms of individual and collective memory fuse affords us the knowledge of the infinity of space and time. This recognition provides the key to a curious essay that proposes "A New Refutation of Time." Every instant, Borges says there, is autonomous:

> "Each moment we live exists, not the imaginary combination of these moments. The universe, the sum total of all events, is a collection no less ideal than the sum of all the horses which Shakespeare dreamt – one, many, none? – between 1592 and 1594. . . . Clangorous general catastrophes – conflagrations, wars, epidemics – are a single grief, multiplied in numerous mirrors illusorily."

Borges' narratives, then, are thought-games about infinity, in which statements and counterstatements, subtle changes in color, pace and perspective, repetition and puzzling contradiction disintegrate the objective world and destroy any assumptions of stability, of harmony or of progress. "Our reality is one of many, an accident of creation to which the imagination will not submit." It is unreality that is the condition of art: art provides the only means by which the all-consuming search for identity can be represented and at the same time discredited as an existential delusion, as a "circular delirium." In "Everything and Nothing," one of the finest pieces in the *Anthology*, Borges reflects on the fate of the archpoet: "there was no one in him, behind his face and behind his words there was nothing but a bit of cold, a dream not dreamed by anyone"; he is haunted by "the habit of pretending that he was someone, so that it should not be discovered that he was no one"; he is overcome by a surfeit and horror of being all his imagined figures and turns away from poetry altogether. But, adds Borges in a codicil, as he faced God and now demanded to be himself, the voice in the whirlwind replied, *"I am not, either. I dreamed the world the way you dreamed your work, my Shakespeare: one of the forms of my dream was you, who, like me, are many and no one."*

Here and elsewhere Borges offers, in the tradition of Rimbaud, Kafka or Musil, a parable of the disjointed and altogether fictitious character of the world as spectacle, of man as a masked face, of consciousness divorced from itself. The poet, like God, is a creator of hallucinations, uncertain and in deluded search of "that moment, when man should know forever who he is." For he must know that there is no "for ever" and that he does not exist as an identity. *"And yet, and yet . . .* Time is the substance of which I am made. Time is a river which sweeps me along, but I am the river; it is a tiger which mangles me, but I am the tiger; it is a fire which consumes me, but I am the fire. The world, unfortunately, is real; I, unfortunately, am Borges."

To the problem of the non-identity of his own self, Borges returns in many of his poems; to it he devoted a whole volume of which one, "Borges and I," has become a classic. "I live, I go on living, so that Borges may contrive his literature; and that literature justifies me. I do not find it hard to admit that he has achieved some valid pages, but these pages can not save me, perhaps because what is good no longer belongs to anyone, not even to him, the other one, but to the language or to tradition."

Again and again in this collection of sparse but allusive stories, we are reminded of Borges' faith in what may amount to the redemptive character of art. Like the invented topography of "Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius," that fabulous product of learning and invention, literature is the "metaphor of the universe," it offers us projects of the mind in which space and time can be shown in their ultimate irrelevance.

It is perhaps an indication of the peculiarly rhetorical character of Borges' Spanish heritage and of his affinity to baroque and symbolist poetry if he reminds us that, in his terms, art can-

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not "express." Indeed, "to the notion that art is expression, or to a deformation of this exigency, we owe the worst literature of our time." Yet, he adds, with melancholy irony, "sometimes I, too, sought expression. I know now that my gods grant me no more than allusion or mention."

Department of Lower Learning

by Jonathan Kozol

There is an outside chance that Boston's arch-segregationist school committeewoman, Louise Day Hicks, will be mayor of Boston in November. Both leading local papers seriously expect that she will run strongly, and the *Herald* sees her at this point as a "solid favorite" in the primary.

Mrs. Hicks has been the dominant figure, and by far the leading vote-getter, in Boston's crumbling and backward-looking school administration, but she has never been alone. Others on the five-man elective school board have shared her views and one at least, William O'Connor, has left no possible doubt as to what he really thinks of Negroes: "We have no inferior education in our schools. What we have been getting is an inferior type of student." He sees "no guarantee that racially balancing the schools will improve the Negroes' learning ability."

Village School Downtown: Politics and Education – A Boston Report
by Peter Schrag
(Beacon; $5.95)

Some of the others on the school committee have been more discreet, surfacing only a couple of weeks before an election in order to whip up the kind of fears and feelings that can assure them victory. One such member, Tom Eisenstadt, flirts with the image of a racial moderate or liberal for ten months of the year, only timing his moves preceding an election to outdo even Mrs. Hicks. (It was he who blocked a student busing proposal intended to relieve a couple of badly overcrowded schools – a stand which created the Negro community busing effort known as Operation Exodus, while at the same time it also assured Eisenstadt's triumphant reelection.)

Two years ago I was a fourth grade teacher in one of Boston's most dilapidated and segregated schools. The children I taught did not have a classroom of their own but shared the corner of a second-story auditorium with several other classes. Another fourth grade used the corner across from ours. Remedial math and reading groups took their sessions in the middle. On the stage were glee club and various theatrical rehearsals. At the foot of the stage stood a row of antique sewing machines on which the sixth grade girls had sewing lessons. There were no partitions beyond a few portable (and broken) blackboards. No cushionings or carpets helped to absorb sound. I often had to ask a child to repeat himself. On many mornings, our words could not be heard.

Other classes were held in the basement. Forty boys worked in one cellar room adjacent to the toilets. A few miles away, several classrooms stayed vacant, locked, unused in a predominantly white school. Children in our crowded school could not be bused there. Boston's official commitment to segregated education in the form of neighborhood schools made such a transfer impermissible.

Grim as such conditions seemed, the attitudes of many teachers seemed still grimmer. A frank distaste for Negro children was stated bluntly and forthrightly – sometimes with a kind of masculine bravado, as if it were just a fact of nature, like sex or springtime: "Christ, I'm prejudiced. I'll admit it. Look at my hand. . . . I just barely grazed one of them out there on his forehead and I got all this junk on me. Look at it – I've got to go and wash it. It's got all over me."

James Reeb was murdered in Selma, Alabama, the year that I was in that school. He came from our own neighborhood of Roxbury, and his death was

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mourned by many thousands in the city. But in my schoolhouse, the reaction was quite different. "His own damn fault" was a consensus. "He should have stayed up North and cared for his own parish and done the work of the church." Older lady-teachers veiled their disapproval in this manner: "He was a good man probably – he must have believed in what he was doing – but he should have stayed with his own family." A general opinion on his murder seemed to be balanced in this way: He was a good-hearted man probably – who, however, had been led astray by radical ideas. "If he didn't go down there in the beginning and try to stir up the niggers, then it never would have happened."

Boston, one may remember with nostalgia, is the city of John F. Kennedy, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Henry David Thoreau and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Several schools in Boston carry the names of such men, and among them are some of the most highly segregated. One such school, and one of the most miserable, is the William Lloyd Garrison – according to School Department figures, approximately 97 percent Negro, and a school which has been the subject of considerable dispute in recent years because of high teacher turnover and unusual overcrowding. I once talked to a group of pupils from Garrison. I asked them if they would tell me the most important things they knew about the man for whom their school was named. No one had the slightest idea who he was. No principal, no teacher, it appeared, had ever told them.

One year ago, the school system was still using textbooks of an openly racist nature, still was employing the most brutal forms of corporal punishment in order to keep its Negro kids in line. Books used in my own and other schools contained such information as that "most Southern people treated their slaves kindly" – that there was no real right or wrong about the Civil War. Other books told us that "the people of South Africa have one of the most democratic governments now in existence in any country," that "the white men who have entered Africa are teaching the natives how to live."

I used to look at the faces of my students when they rose in ranks to place their hands on their hearts and recite a pledge of allegiance to the flag on our wall – dirtied and unfluttering above the peeling paint and beside the nailed-shut window. They would go through the dutiful ceremony with calm obedience, hesitating or stumbling sometimes a little on the difficult word ("indivisible") but ending up generally as they were supposed to, all together, on "liberty and justice for all." It filled me with shame to put them through that ritual. They were unaware of the degree to which their own "dedicated" teachers imputed to them – to them, to their families, to their backgrounds – the blame and responsibility for things that were not their fault at all. That battalion of older maiden teachers, the "dedicated teachers," moved through the lives of countless Negro children with chilling condescension and the killing prejudice of sweetness. They could pray for the children's souls on Sunday morning, then come into school on Monday and cut down those children in a minute for daring to speak with the natural slang and style of their neighborhood, or for failing to parrot back coy answers to dull questions.

One day in 1965, I was called out of class by my principal on what she described as a very urgent errand. Cutting short a science lesson, I drove some distance across town to the address I had been given, there to receive from the hands of a smiling lady an envelope addressed to my school principal and containing what seemed to be a pile of cards. In the car, on the way back, I yielded to curiosity. Within the unsealed envelope I found a pile of nightclub tickets to a political party being given in honor of Louise Day Hicks. A few days later, the invitations went around. No Negro teachers were invited. The "dedicated teachers" went in battalions.

Now, two years later, a very good book has been written about this school system. Ever since first reading it, I have had to wrestle with my quite mixed reactions – admiration, for what the author says and the clarity with which he says it, and disappointment that, having said this much, he does not say more. Schrag, of course, is not professing to put on gloves and go rounds with Mrs. Hicks. Nonetheless, there is a feeling in Boston, and one to which I partially subscribe, that he has left out a certain amount of the nightmare quality of the school experience in this city, that he has been too careful to tip his hat now and again to the "dedicated teachers," and that he has felt overly reluctant, perhaps out of personal kindliness, to point to the extreme ineptitude of Boston's school superintendent – a former football coach who was a physical education supervisor before achieving his recent high position.

Schrag, however, was treated well by the superintendent, who "graciously granted me permission to visit the schools," and finds himself in a bind about condemning him. He hesitates as well, I feel, to speak in realistic terms of corporal punishment (whipping with a stick, not "paddling" as Schrag more amiably describes it), of gross and repetitive and overt forms of faculty prejudice, and of the textbook offenses to which I have referred.

Unannounced visits are just not made to Boston classrooms. Visitors must ring and gain permission from the principal before going in to see a class in session. By this time, most teachers in a school have been alerted, they have had a chance to create at least the semblance of gentility. Teachers in any case aren't likely to whip a child before a stranger, and even an outright redneck has the brains not to speak of "niggers" before a visiting reporter. The absence of such matters, however, makes some of the more purely academic considerations of Schrag's book seem somewhat Olympian, a bit like talking of the pattern on the silver service while there is a time-bomb quietly ticking in the cellar.

All such reservations notwithstanding, Schrag has portrayed a gruesome system, profiled its political figures superbly, done only slightly less well for some of the leaders of the opposition, and rises, at certain instances where his disgust is given full expression, to passages of strong and angry eloquence:

"Boston's educational program is

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pathetically irrelevant. . . . As a program, it makes sense only for those who see little value in powerful education in the first place, or who have accepted a subservient, limited image of themselves and their possibilities. It pays lip service to the idea of independent thought, to an emphasis on process, but it practices preaching and the accumulation of facts about irrelevant details. . . . It stresses 'free enterprise' but ignores the vicious damage that it inflicts; it talks about the democratic society but fails to acknowledge the corruption that exists in profusion in every community, and in the slums with a vengeance; it demands haircuts and neckties but ignores the vulgarity and ugliness of the buildings in which they must be worn; it upholds the value of the individual but denies him the right to go to the john without a pass; it eulogizes the historical right of protest but patronizes those who now attempt to exercise it. At every turn it belies itself, confesses itself to being fraudulent, hypocritical, and stupid."

School officials here, he notes, talk innovation "because innovation has become fashionable and profitable," yet he also points out that "with enough trial programs and experiments to fill a book," the overall curriculum and emotional attitude of the system has remained unchanged. "The books are the same. The attitudes are the same. All of them insist that this is the best of all possible worlds. But it is not."

He speaks with disappointment of the efforts of one Harvard-oriented expert to make anything like a meaningful dent upon either curriculum or community: "While he is not fully accepted by the School Department, he is too much a part of it to be trusted by the parents. He cannot afford to be a real revolutionary, cannot even pretend that he is one. . . ." His office, says Schrag, "has not even begun . . . to talk real radicalism or even, given what is already known about urban education, real innovation. It has captured neither the enthusiasm of the community – nor, probably, of the children – nor have its mild proposals really affected the system."

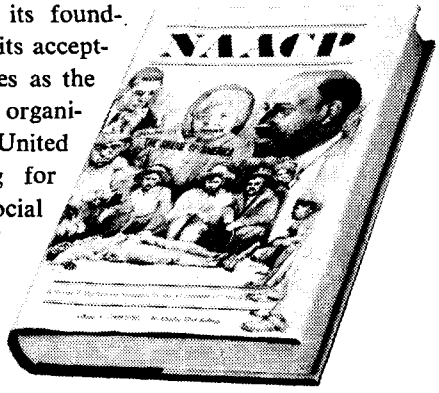
Schrag insists "there must be change." One ends the book, however, feeling quite sure that there will not be. "There will be no prospect of change if the old city hierarchy continues to control the schools for another generation." Only sweeping change in the political leadership of Boston will be able to effect a genuine revolution in this system; and that change will come only in the hour when such powerful figures as Senators Kennedy and Brooke dare to dirty their hands in local politics. Until then, all curriculum quibblings, Harvard-style pilot programs and compensatory projects of whatever sort will be futile. Nor do I really believe that the metropolitan school district plan Schrag has suggested can be considered a very practicable possibility before there has been an extensive and meaningful political change.

NAACP

A History of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Vol. I, 1909-1920

By CHARLES FLINT KELLOGG

This is Volume I of a projected two-volume set which is likely to become the definitive history of the NAACP. Professor Kellogg, who has drawn heavily on the previously unavailable Spingarn and Du Bois papers, traces the development of the NAACP from its founding in 1909 to its acceptance by Negroes as the most effective organization in the United States working for political and social equality. *$8.75*

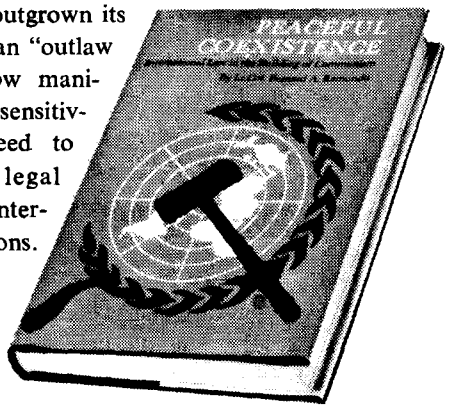


Peaceful Coexistence

International Law in the Building of Communism

By Lt. Col. BERNARD A. RAMUNDO

The purpose of this study is twofold: to determine the manner in which the Soviets utilize international law to support policy objectives, and to decide how the Soviet approach to international law differs from that of other countries. The Soviet Union, Dr. Ramundo contends, has outgrown its earlier role as an "outlaw state," and now manifests an acute sensitivity to the need to demonstrate legal propriety in international relations. *$6.95*



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That Lost Bomb

by William K. Wyant, Jr.

"Thank God, we finally did it," said Rear Admiral William S. Guest on that sunny Thursday morning of April 7, 1966, when the United States Navy brought the Air Force's missing hydrogen bomb up from the depths of the Mediterranean off Palomares, Spain. The next day was Good Friday. On that day newsmen aboard the Admiral's flagship, the *USS Albany*, watched as the bomb was paraded past them, secure in its sand-filled blue box on the fantail of the *USS Petrel*. There could be no doubt about it. What the sea had claimed, 80 days before, the sea had now been made to disgorge, and the Jinn had been forced back into the nuclear bottle.

The Bombs of Palomares
by Tad Szulc
(Viking; $6.50)

The comment of the Navy's indomitable Admiral Guest, commander of Task Force 65, was echoed by an international sigh of relief. All's well that ends well, to be sure, but there was more to be said than that, some questions to be raised. Tad Szulc, the Madrid Bureau Chief of *The New York Times*, touches on them in his fascinating and competently told narrative of the tragic accident that dumped the flaming wreckage of two Strategic Air Command aircraft on a Spanish town and its environs. There are times when Mr. Szulc seems more concerned with the military's inept press and information policies than with the cosmic implications of the episode, but perhaps that is because he feels something can be done about press policies, if not about the ghastly sarabande of nuclear stand-off.

"Palomares," the author writes in his opening chapter, "is best reached from the sky." It is a dusty and dry spot on the Spanish coast. There are some 250 families in its whitewashed houses, totaling 2,000 or more people. The farmers thereabouts grow tomatoes, alfalfa, wheat, beans and cotton. The chief crop is tomatoes. A day laborer may earn from a dollar and a quarter to a little less than three dollars. At the time an orange ball of fire flashed high in the sky over Palomares, there were eight television sets in the little community, three of them in bars. Most of the houses had radios. It was the kind of a town whose roads seemed to lead away from it.

Not many people outside the area knew of Palomares until it was caught up in an event that occurred at 10:22 o'clock in the morning, local time, on January 17 of last year. There was an explosion in the blue firmament, a flash, and a rain of burning debris. A B-52G jet bomber from Seymour Johnson Air Force Base near Goldsboro, N.C., laden with four hydrogen bombs, had collided with a KC-135 tanker from Meron in southern Spain. The B-52 had been on an airborne alert mission in the east, possibly near the Soviet-Turkish border, and needed additional jet kerosene fuel for its journey home. Such refueling operations are said to take place every six minutes day and night in the far-flung SAC domain. There had been more than 750,000 aerial hookups since 1959 with only one known accident, when the two nuclear bombs were spilled over Kentucky in 1962. But this time, at about 30,500 feet, something went *wrong*.

In the refueling procedure, the tanker and bomber circle in the same pattern with the tanker a little above and forward, the bomber closing in gradually until in proper position for the boom's nozzle to be inserted. The B-52 from North Carolina closed too fast, for some reason, and underran the tanker at 275 miles an hour. The two giant aircraft – the bomber weighing 200 tons and the tanker 150 tons, with enough jet fuel to fill three railway tank cars – came together and their fragments fell in and around Palomares. With them fell the hydrogen bombs. Of the 11 officers and men aboard the two aircraft, only four fliers in the forward section of the B-52 were ejected or thrown out to safety. Three were picked out of the sea by fishermen, and the fourth survivor was found ashore.

As might be expected, in a world where hydrogen bombs are being shuttled about the airways, the United States Air Force had long feared and prepared for such an emergency as occurred at Palomares. It took only three minutes for word of the disaster to reach Sixteenth Air Force headquarters at Torrejon del Ardoz base near Madrid. With commendable speed and efficiency, the Air Force put its "Broken Arrow" procedures in motion – Broken Arrow being the SAC designation for accidents involving nuclear weapons. Not only had there been an accident, but it had occurred over land, in a populated area, in a foreign country. The combination of circumstances was very grave. Major General Delmar E. Wilson, the commander of the Sixteenth Air Force, marshaled his forces and went to the scene.

From the outset it was understood, by the sophisticated at least, that no nuclear reaction had or would take place. The bombs aboard the shattered B-52 were of the most modern type, with elaborate safeguards against being set off accidentally. Theoretically it is necessary for a circle of electrically controlled detonating caps to go off simultaneously, causing an inward explosion of a TNT jacket which triggers plutonium which in turn triggers the uranium mass. The Palomares bombs were rated at 1.5 megatons each, about 75 times the yield of the Hiroshima weapons. When the world got a good look at them, they turned out to be silvery, torpedo-like objects, 10 feet long, parachute-equipped and weighing 5,000 pounds.

But although there was never any substantial danger that the Spanish town and its surroundings would be atomized inadvertently, lesser hazards were present. Three of the bombs fell on land and the Air Force located them within 24 hours. Two had been ruptured by TNT blasts when they hit the ground, spreading particles of uranium and plutonium that emitted alpha radiation. In the case of plutonium, inhalation of particles can cause poisoning or even cancer. Because of the ruptured bombs, therefore, it was necessary to decontaminate affected soil and make a careful check of persons who

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might have been exposed. This in itself was an agonizing and onerous job.

There was also the missing fourth bomb. Nobody could say whether it had fallen on the land or into the sea, although a fishing boat captain, Francisco Simo Orts, saw a "half man" attached to a parachute splash in the Mediterranean. General Wilson's task force, which came to number 800 men, kept up the land search as they cleaned out the contamination. The Navy's people under Admiral Guest, with a strength that reached 3,500, undertook the immensely difficult sea search and finally, nearly three months after the crash, found the bomb intact and hauled it up from a depth of almost 3,000 feet – an amazing accomplishment. The operation's total cost was about $15 million.

Mr. Szulc, an accomplished reporter who was on the scene, unfolds this drama in a suspenseful way. It was not an easy story to cover because the American military behaved, during much of the period, like a swimmer who has lost his trunks in a public pool and does not want too much help or attention from strangers while finding them. Of course the Spanish government, which had given permission for the overland refueling, was kept fully informed, but the author contends not nearly enough was done to reassure the bewildered and frightened residents of the crash area. The information vacuum was exploited by the communist radio. Not until six weeks after the accident, with the Air Force combing the land and the Navy the sea, was it officially admitted that the United States had mislaid a hydrogen bomb and was looking for it.

There was a time, Mr. Szulc relates, when not even the civilian emissaries of the United States Ambassador to Spain were able to get much out of the military commanders at Palomares. In charging excessive secrecy, the author is critical not only of the Pentagon but of the Spanish government, which he says was worried about the effects on the tourist trade. Ambassador Duke is depicted as something of a hero in cajoling and bludgeoning the military toward more open information policies.

It is a miracle that the fiery rain of aircraft fragments and engines fell on Palomares without harming a man, woman or child. It is fortunate that wind and weather minimized the peril from radioactivity, and that the missing hydrogen bomb was found. We cannot expect that we shall always be that lucky.

Cat and Mouse

by J. M. Edelstein

Low-key is the word for Patricia Highsmith. Low-key, subtle, and profound. It is amazing to me that she is not better known, for she is superb and is a master of the suspense novel. Her new book, *Those Who Walk Away*, is an impressive addition to a body of work which should be among the classics of the genre.

Those Who Walk Away
by Patricia Highsmith
(Doubleday; $4.50)

Against a wintry Venetian background Miss Highsmith plays out a perfect cat and mouse game in a compelling and original psychological thriller. An American painter, obsessed by the suicide of his only child, blames another person – a husband of only a year – and starts stalking him through Venice with murder in mind. The young man, who at first can hardly believe what is happening to him, and who suffers from his own ambiguous feelings of guilt and sorrow, goes into hiding, then begins to turn on his tormentor after one of the attempts on his life almost succeeds. The two men are caught in a strange relationship; one is the hunter, one is the hunted, but it is often difficult to tell which is which.

It will not be giving away the story to say that although the ultimate act of violence – murder – does not occur at all, it is Miss Highsmith's powerful achievement that the novel still creates an extraordinary tension and main-

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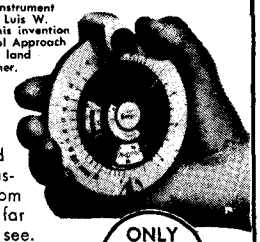

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tains it even after the last page is turned. Miss Highsmith's study of the two men's relationship, with its dispassionate portrayal of grief and neurosis, is the essence of this accomplished novel with its absorbing atmosphere of crime and recrimination.

Those Who Walk Away is a measured book. Its skillful narration has an old-fashioned quiet quality about it and conveys a sense of being slightly removed. It may be that it lacks some of the bright color and harsh power of Miss Highsmith's earlier books, most notably *Strangers on a Train* and *The Talented Mr. Ripley;* nevertheless, in its deliberateness, in the genuineness with which the vagueness of motivation is conveyed, in its perception of evil, and in its plausibility it succeeds as a compelling psychological study.

Guilt is the theme of all Miss Highsmith's books, and she has consistently used the device of contrasting characters to express it, whether real or imagined. The theme and the method were announced in her first, and probably best known novel, *Strangers on a Train,* with the confrontation of the attractive, charming psychopath and the innocent bungler who is too indecisive and, at bottom, perhaps, too unwilling to disengage himself from a nightmarish situation. All of Miss Highsmith's later books employ the juxtaposition of similar characters: *The Blunderer, A Game for the Living,* and *The Cry of the Owl* focus on the victim of evil who seems rooted where he stands in the middle of horror; while *The Talented Mr. Ripley, Deep Water,* and *This Sweet Sickness* portray the seemingly innocent, if slightly purposeless young man who simply drifts into violence and murder.

In *Those Who Walk Away,* Miss Highsmith has managed to achieve her usual exciting pitch even though the book may not be the equal of her best work. The main Highsmith models have again been used in a simple pattern to produce the characteristic atmosphere of anxiety and fear. *Those Who Walk Away,* however, introduces something new: the ultimate act of violence does not take place. Yet the book is a study of things moving out of control. This is a masterful stroke, for the particular terror in this novel comes less from the performance of any particular catastrophic act than from the way in which it is being avoided – that is, from chance, coincidence, and stupid misunderstanding. The movement of hunter and hunted, and their occasional contact is seen as less the attraction of opposites, of evil and good, or evil and weakness, than it is as the attraction of like to like. The psychological truth thus implied may be a greater horror than any climactic act of violence.

Smoke BOOKS

By JEROME AGEL
Editor-Publisher of a Monthly Mind-Expander

We're tripping - and invite all you bookheads to come along. We call our connection BOOKS THE MONTHLY NEWSPAPER. Our readers call us other things. Like, "BOOKS the funniest thing I've ever read." "BOOKS the be-in." (Nice pun there.) "BOOKS my monthly brunch coat." We're telling it like it is - underground, overground, whowhatwhywherewhen. Long before anyone else, usually. Our theory: Books, authors, films, viable ideas – people – aren't as dull as others make them out to be. Typical contents: Dubuque's little old lady; Paul Krassner's parents: Our Son the Realist; Transcript of 10-year-old Lesley Downey being murdered on the Moors; Last known photograph of God; Rex Reed on Rex Reed; Cop Art; John Simon John Simon John Simon; James Jones' "Go to the Widow-Maker" revives probability that Columbus was Jewish. News, seminal ideas, layouts available nowhere else. Plus plus plus. Scoop scoop scoop. BOOKS is in its fourth year of monthly publication. If you want to be included, send us the coupon today. Or call your travel agent.

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The Challenge of Crime

by Frank Remington

Some years ago a well-known philosopher told his students that they were fortunate to live in the early 1940's, a time of so many political, economic, and social problems. I remember my surprise. Insofar as I had thought about it at all, I had assumed that good fortune would be to live in an orderly, harmonious world. I had never thought of difficulty and good fortune as being closely related.

The Challenge of Crime in a Free Society
A Report by the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice
(Government Printing Office; $2.25)

Reading the 340-page Report of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice reminded me of this. Throughout, it stresses the complexity of dealing with crime in a free society and the challenge we are thereby offered. The roots of crime, it makes clear, are imbedded in the imperfections of our society; significant success in any "war on crime" requires significant improvements in that society. It acknowledges that policing and the administration of criminal justice are more difficult in a free society than in one which places less high a value on individual freedoms. Yet all this is said in a way that leaves the reader with a sense not of frustration but of opportunity.

The "central conclusion" of the Commission is that despite "the seriousness of the problem today . . . a significant reduction in crime is possible" if we put our minds to preventing it, develop new ways of dealing with offenders, eliminate unfairness and injustices, recruit better personnel, increase research and expenditures, and finally, involve a broad segment of the community in the battle.

There has never been such widespread interest in crime or in the agencies dealing with it, nor so much doubt about the effectiveness or the propriety of present and proposed remedies. Never has there been so much anxiety over an apparent increase in social disorder, a disorder that goes hand in hand with greater governmental efforts to improve social conditions. There are growing tensions within the criminal justice system itself, especially between police and courts, and

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between criminal justice agencies and some important segments of the community. There is resistance by some citizens to police practices, and similar resistance by some of our police to the enforcement of court rules controlling police conduct. Carried far enough, resistance of this sort can result in a serious deterioration of our whole apparatus of criminal justice administration. The objective is to turn legitimate criticism into constructive reform.

The Report is not the first federally sponsored study of crime and criminal justice: It was preceded by others, the most famous of which is the Wickersham Report of the early 1930's. The earlier surveys, however, were by comparison over-simplistic: if we eliminate corruption, we get more convictions, and if we convict a high enough percentage of persons who commit crime we will have curbed crime. The current Report, though acknowledging the evil of corruption (especially with regard to organized crime), sees that immense problems face even the most honest police, prosecutors, courts, and correctional agencies. And, while accepting the need to get convictions, it says that many criminal cases are dealt with to society's advantage if persons like the drunk, the nonsupporting husband, and others are kept out of the criminal process. The second of nine special supplements to the Crime Commission report was issued May 7. It recommends the rethinking of unenforceable laws against things like small-time gambling, abortion, drunkenness and homosexuality. Turning such problems over to the social agencies would free the courts, and the police, for more serious matters.

To its great credit, the President's Commission resists the temptation to search for a scapegoat, to blame the police, the courts, or social workers for the apparent rise in crime. It says that a significant decrease in crime can occur only when we find ways of eliminating places like the large city ghettos, with their oppressive, destructive impact. And it makes clear also that an effective and fair system of criminal justice will be achieved only when we are willing to devote greater resources to this effort and to changing radically our conception of the function which criminal justice agencies, particularly the police, perform.

To get honest and competent persons staffing criminal justice agencies will require high standards of recruitment, personnel administration, and training. Criminal justice agencies must have the benefit of the best of communication systems, crime laboratories, methods of systems analysis, and other contributions of science and technology. It is necessary to institute new and more adequate programs of research and planning if the administration of criminal justice is to deal more effectively with old problems and be ready to deal with new problems as they arise. But greater efficiency is not enough, as the Report underscores. Merely doing better what we have done in the past is as likely to increase the conflict among criminal justice agencies and between police and the community as it is to minimize it. More fundamental change is needed and the Report tells us what direction this change ought to take.

We need better communication and understanding between criminal justice agencies. Lacking this, a healthy system of checks and balances designed to minimize unfairness and abuse of public power can degenerate into a wasteful nullification of effort which serves to make the administration of criminal justice neither more efficient nor more protective of the rights of the individual. This happens when police are unnecessarily confused because they are not told the reason for a judge's decision; when judges, in turn, are unaware of the reasons why police act as they do in certain situations; and when correctional programs are misunderstood and resented by both police and judges.

There is need also for a basic change in the public's understanding of the task of criminal justice agencies, particularly the police who are usually expected to prevent most of the crimes which occur. However often the perpetrators of crimes are convicted and given correctional treatment (obviously important), the weaknesses in our social, economic, and family structures remain and new crimes will be committed. Recognizing this, we can direct attention where it should be directed, at weaknesses in our communities, families, schools, and economy. We then would relieve criminal justice agencies, particularly the police, of a burden which they have too long willingly but mistakenly carried. The idea that a rise in the crime rate is primarily a reflection upon the adequacy or inadequacy of police, courts, or correctional agencies results in the search for a scapegoat when a "crime wave" occurs. The two most likely candidates today are the police chief and the Supreme Court. This creates additional pressures causing police to engage in overly aggressive enforcement practices which, in the long run, probably create more rather than less community unrest, disorder, and crime. In turn this provokes courts and some members of the community to treat the errant police as delinquents, trying to impose punitive sanctions on them in the naïve hope that fear of punishment will prevent further misbehavior. It hasn't worked with the police, nor with delinquents generally, and for the same reason. Its sanctions do not reach the reasons for the misbehavior.

To expect criminal justice agencies

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to prevent most crimes is to expect the impossible. The most that can be expected is that those agencies be as effective as they can be within appropriate limits of propriety and fairness. If serious crime continues, as it will, this is a price which must be paid for our failure to deal effectively with our social, economic and family problems.

Whatever may have been the limitations of the police in the past (and there are many), there is encouraging indication today that most police officers do want to live within the rules, to have a positive relationship with the community, to make the criminal justice system work, and to be viewed as professionals in the contribution which they make to society. To do this they need help of the kind denied them in the past. We cannot maintain an image of police departments as made up of dumb cops and expect to attract intelligent young Americans to law enforcement. We cannot treat the police administrator as being less important than the prosecutor, judge, or correctional worker and hope to attract the kind of leadership which law enforcement requires. If to be a prosecutor or judge requires seven years of college work, and to be a probation or parole officer requires six years of college work, how can it be that a police administrator who has in many ways a more important and a more difficult task requires no education at all? Yet this is the situation which exists in most states today.

Improvement in police performance will have little impact unless there is also major change in the judicial system, particularly in the so-called lower courts, especially those in the large urban centers. They are a national disgrace, says the Commission, an opinion which must be shared by anyone who has ever been in one of them. Dirty and noisy and hurried, they leave defendants and police officers disappointed and bewildered and judges hamstrung by overwork. The Commission's May 7 report cites the case of Atlanta, where in 1964 three judges had to dispose of 70,000 cases. A Detroit judge handles 20,000 minor cases each year. It is shameful that many of the highly-motivated young men who join metropolitan police departments find their experience in court so devastating that they come, mistakenly, to think the entire judicial process lacks intelligence, decorum, and basic honesty. How can police treat individuals in a dignified and respectful manner if judges do not? How can judicial review of police practices have a positive impact upon those practices if the "neutral and detached magistrate" so often referred to by the United States Supreme Court turns out to be neutral, detached, uninterested, and uninformed? The shame of the lower courts has been apparent to the bar and to the public for many years. One might hope that reiteration and reemphasis by the President's Commission will challenge the legal profession or the public to do something about it.

The work of the police, prosecutors, and courts in dealing with serious crime finds its principal meaning in the correctional treatment which the offender receives after conviction. The Report confirms that, of all the criminal justice agencies, the professional correctional agency is the most dedicated, the best trained, and the most committed to self appraisal. The challenge for these agencies is to keep up to date in a world which is changing so rapidly. Some correctional agencies which were once innovative, perhaps even radical, are in danger of falling behind. Pioneer efforts in individual and group therapy, helpful in dealing with some kinds of social deviancy, are ineffective in dealing with offenders who reflect the economic, social, and educational deprivations of the ghetto and who must either learn to conform to the deprivations suffered in the ghetto or learn how to change and improve life in the ghetto. The question before the correctional agency is apparent. Is its role to lead the offender to accept and adjust to social inequity or is it to attempt to eliminate, or at least alleviate, those social deprivations which interfere with the offenders' ability to learn to live law-abiding lives?

COMING

Pauline Kael

on

Two for the Road

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Hooked on the Thirties*

The 1930's are like strong drink to those who can remember them well. The decade is the cup of (overcome) cheerlessness that cheers, and it makes some veterans sentimentally garrulous. It has gone to Robert Bendiner's head. Mr. Bendiner is an experienced editor and customarily a competent and discerning journalist. To be sure, some evidence of the latter is clear in his new book*, but generally his reminiscence rambles, skimps on explanation, is deficient in insight, and adds extremely little to our knowledge. He is simply hooked on the period, which is understandable but insufficient.

Bendiner subtitles his book "a highly selective history." Then, in his foreword he says it is not "a history or a sociologist's treatise," it is an attempt to tell what the decade "looked like to a reasonably alert individual with a prime but not exclusive interest in politics, who happened to be in a position to cover a fair amount of ground and who had to ask a lot of questions." It is a tenable premise, but Bendiner satisfies only the negative half. His book is not the history that he assures us it will not be; neither is it sufficiently personal. Most of the book deals with materials of which, on the evidence, he had no firsthand experience and about which, in various editorial positions at the time, seems to have asked few questions of his own. The book touches on all the predictable major topics from the coming of the New Deal to the coming of the Second War, with the inevitable interlacing of cultural activity and with some memory-jogging about nostalgic trivia; but it is neither a well-structured chronicle like Dixon Wecter's *The Age of the Great Depression* nor the uniquely personal work that the author promises.

That is the prime fault of the book: despite his declaration Bendiner never decided for whom he was writing it or what sort of book it was to be. If it is for those familiar with the period, particularly through experience, then it is largely superfluous. If it is for younger readers, then it is inadequate. Who, under the age of 35, recognizes the names Nicholas Murray Butler and Earl Browder? The latter is eventually partially identified, the former never. When Bendiner traces the course of a phenomenon, he often leaves out linkage. For example, in his seven-page précis of the career of Father Coughlin, he does not tell us adequately why the "radio priest" soured on Roosevelt; why, despite his huge following, his Union Party drew less than a million votes in 1936; why he slid from populism to fascism. Of what real use, at this late date, is Bendiner's summary account? Since this is typical of his method, of what use is the whole book?

Its tone, purportedly lightened with irony, shudders often at Bendiner's heavy touch. Here are two examples from one page. Speaking of the rich: "We had an unspoken agreement whereby I kept my distance from Newport, El Morocco, and the North Shore of Long Island, and they left me the lake in Central Park, the Coney Island boardwalk, and the subways." Commenting on a fatuous editorial in a financial journal: "Logically sound, it was nevertheless the kind of arithmetic that may well have brought on the new mathematics."

The book is bruised throughout with formulations that seem derived from a course in successful magazine-writing. "If Hearst's papers were losing money, and they were, he was at least getting a rise out of New York liberals, which in those days was admittedly no great feat." Shorn of typewriter trickery, what that means is: Hearst was losing money, and his only accomplishment

* *Just Around the Corner* by Robert Bendiner (Harper & Row; $6.95)

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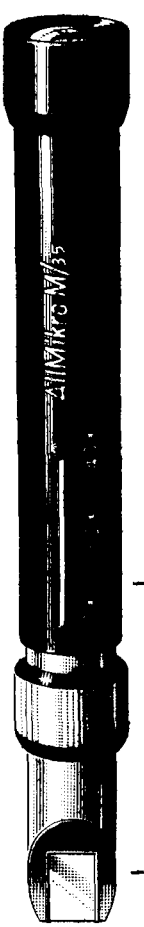

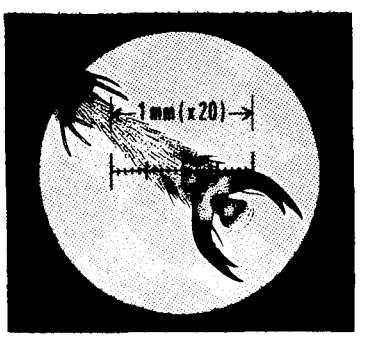

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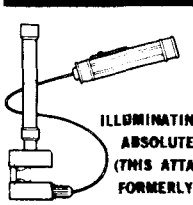

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was something that was easy to do. "In the summer of 1939 many of us . . . forgot about Memel and Poland and went out to Flushing to have a look at the World's Fair. . . ." Either that statement is consciously empty rhetoric or it is sheerly silly.

In the cultural sphere most of his opinions need not be argued with any more than they need be agreed with, but some of his statements are questionable. Among the eleven "memorable" writers who worked on the WPA Writers' Project, he includes George W. Cronyn, a name previously unknown to me. My local library lists Cronyn as the author of *A Primer on Communism;* Bendiner brackets him with Aiken, Cheever, and Dahlberg. Also, Bendiner says it was a century-old myth, until the Federal Theatre, that "outside of four or five cities the American people required no theatre at all." A myth, indeed. And he says that Orson Welles' modern-dress *Julius Caesar* was a production of the Federal Theatre; in fact it was done for the Mercury Theatre.

A much larger and graver general objection to the book is an air of political smugness that pervades it. "It would not have occurred to me to take the communists of those days as anything but a joke. . . ." He leaves us wondering why men with minds at least as powerful as his – say Edmund Wilson and Malcolm Cowley and Lionel Trilling and John Dos Passos and Newton Arvin, to name only a few – could not as quickly see the joke. Perhaps in the context of the decade they did not have the good fortune to be as easily put off from communism as Bendiner was by silly pickets and soapbox orators. It is inarguable that their radicalism only led inevitably to their disappointment; the question is whether Bendiner was wiser than they or only more prudent or more lucky. He implies that it was wisdom.

After he has described the wave of utopian schemes that engulfed the country, he says: "Somehow in that mysteriously vapory way in which the democratic system bumbles along, all these objectives, or almost all, found a reflection in Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal." One can ask whether those objectives would have found any reflection in legislation without partisans more committed than Mr. Bendiner. One can also ask whether partisans of the Right *and* the Left did not contribute to the social dynamics that helped the democratic system bumble along, at least as much as a man who (to judge from this book) could see the foolishness of all their efforts from the start. I do not argue that Bendiner ought to have been a Coughlinite or communist, a Technocrat or a Townsendite, just to prove that he was alive in the 30's. But compare the flavor of his book with that of Alfred Kazin's *Starting Out in the Thirties.* Kazin was never a Stalinist and had enough experience of communist literary and political tactics to make him call them "idiotic"; yet he conveys some warmth of understanding of the turbulence of the period, some compassion for the deluded, some persistent hunger for possibilities. Bendiner was above the battle. Bismarck is reported to have said that God looks after fools, drunkards, and Americans. Bendiner agrees with him at least partially: he puts his faith in "the kindly fates who watch over the Republic."

Retrospectively it is easy to be glad that no dogma prevailed, but retrospectively it is also possible to see that most of those dogmas and panaceas – even the ones we most despised – created a system of tensions that gave vitality to the decade, the vitality to survive the decade. Put the thirties next to the sixties. This decade is relatively barren of areas or avenues of political commitment, parti-

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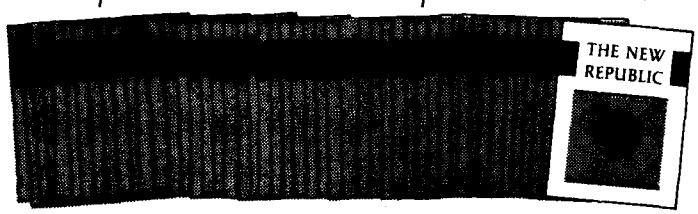

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cularly any that are appealing to young people. Some of us, without any ideology that we are sold on and want to sell, nevertheless see this situation as unhappy. At the least we can certainly hope that Bendiner is right about those kindly fates.

One last note. The book has 247 pages (exclusive of addenda), 24 of which are reproductions of cartoons and newspaper clippings. The price is $6.95, presumably justified by an additional 24 pages of photographs. If there were 200 pages of photographs and cartoons and clippings and 48 pages of text, the book would be a better bargain.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Richard Poirier, *Chairman of the Rutgers English Department and an editor of* Partisan Review, *is the author, most recently, of* A World Elsewhere.

Harrison E. Salisbury *is assistant managing editor of* The New York Times. *His most recent book is* Orbit of China.

John Updike's *newest book, which was published last fall by Knopf, is* Selected Prose.

Honor Tracy *is the author of a travel book called* Spanish Leaves. *She has also written* The Straight and Narrow Path *and her newest book, published this spring, is* Men at Work.

Alexander R. Butler *is on the humanities faculty of Michigan State University at East Lansing.*

Victor Lange *is a professor of Germanic languages at Princeton.*

Jonathan Kozol *was fired from the Boston Public School System in 1965, following a row with the administration. He is now teaching in the public schools of Newton, Massachusetts, and completing work on a new book,* Death At An Early Age, *that will be published in October.*

J. M. Edelstein *is bibliographer for the humanities and lecturer on bibliography at the University of California at Los Angeles.*

William K. Wyant, Jr. *is in the Washington Office of the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Frank Remington *is professor of law at the University of Wisconsin.*

Correspondence

Christians and Jews

Sirs:

The Rev. Roger Hazelton in his review (May 6) of Rabbi Ben Zion Bokser's book *Judaism and the Christian Predicament* points out the animus of the Rabbi against Christianity. But Mr. Hazelton has perverted history and defamed Judaism in his zealous attempt to blunt the charges of Bokser against Christianity. Mr. Hazelton states:

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that spawned Hitler and the Nazi "final solution of the Jewish problem."

It has become quite popular for both Christians and Jews to talk about "the Judeo-Christian heritage" or "the Judeo-Christian civilization" of the Western world. From that kind of loose talk, the Christian thesis now is that Judaism is at least equally guilty with Christianity for the numerous shortcomings and injustices of Western civilization. Of course, that thesis would, in effect, make Judaism an equal partner with Christianity in the domination of the Western world since the days of the Roman Empire. But it is obvious from history that that was not the case.

Philip P. Brown
Denver, Colorado

Alvin Johnson's Papers

Sirs:

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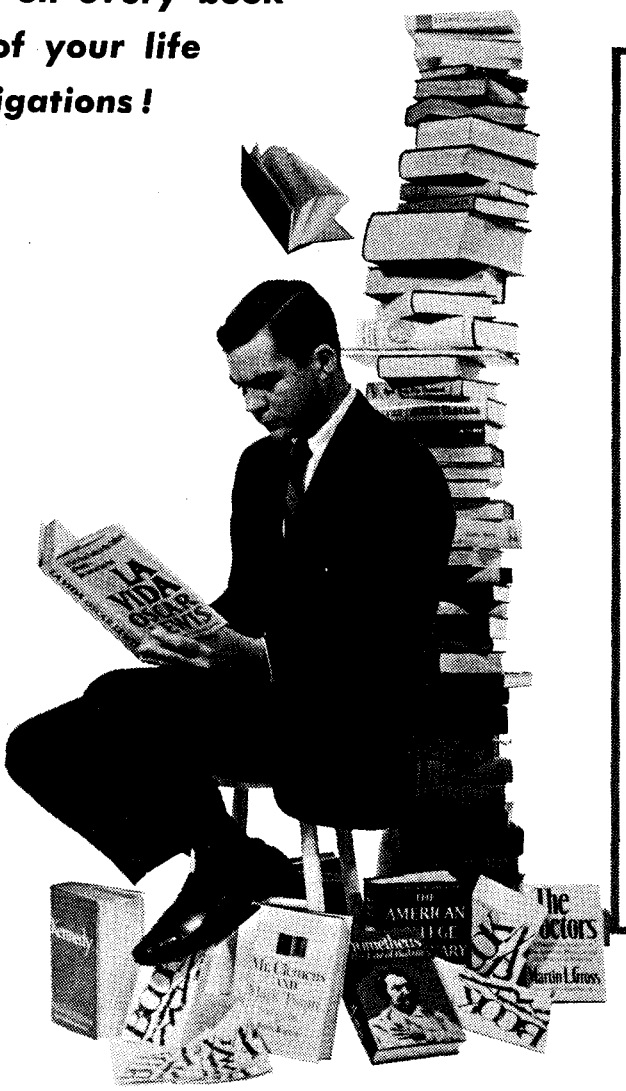

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